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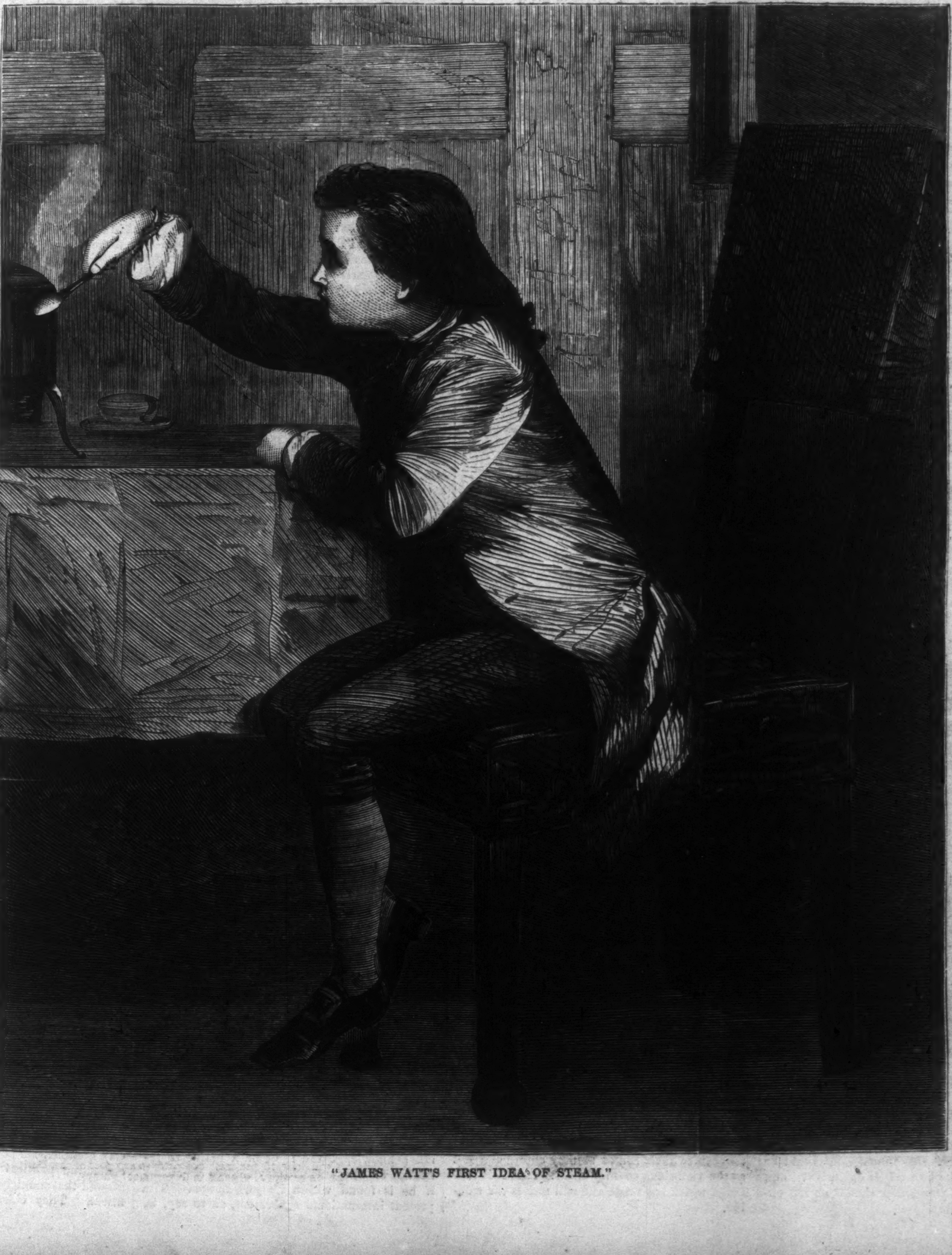
"WATT'S FIRST IDEA OF STEAM."

IT is, as the reader may be aware, no mere fancy of the artist which we have engraved on this page. On the contrary, it is a recorded fact that the great inventor to whom we almost entirely owe the steam-engine commenced his experiments with steam while yet a boy, just as here depicted. In Mr. MUIRHEAD's biography of his kinsman, the great engineer, we have extracts from an interesting document entitled "Memoranda of the Early Years of Mr. Watt, by his Cousin, Mrs. Marion Campbell," in which occurs the following: "Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. MUIRHEAD, at the tea-table, she said:

"'JAMES WATT, I never saw such an idle boy. Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last half hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and connecting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?'"

Let us here say, by way of parenthesis, that JAMES WATT was then in the fifteenth year of his age; a lad not in robust health, but with an active, ardent mind, subject to distressing headaches, employing much of his time in experiments, and the fourth son in a family, all the male members of which seem to have had a taste for scientific pursuits.

Mr. MUIRHEAD continues with a commentary on the incident just related by M. ARAGO. "In the year 1750," said M. ARAGO, in addressing the assembled members of the Institute of France, "each one of us in the same situation as Mrs. MUIRHEAD would perhaps have used the same language. But the world has made a stride, and our knowledge has grown greater; and so, when I shall immediately explain to you that the principal discovery of our fellow-member was a particular mode of converting steam into water [the condensation of steam in a separate vessel from the boiler], Mrs. MUIRHEAD's reproof will present itself to our minds under a totally different aspect: the little JAMES before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preluding to the discoveries which were to immortalize him; and it will by every one undoubtedly be deemed worthy of remark that the words CONDENSATION OF STEAM should naturally have come to find a place in the history of WATT's early childhood."



"JAMES WATT'S FIRST IDEA OF STEAM."

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING IN KANSAS.

THIS season of the year is the time for prairie chicken or grouse shooting in the West, and we illustrate on page 805 the manner in which the sport is conducted. In Kansas it is enjoyed to an extent that would astonish our Eastern sportsmen. A party of gentlemen mount their horses, which have been thoroughly broken to stand the report of a gun near them; the dogs set out in advance, and occupy the first few miles of the start in opening new, or extending old, acquaintance among the dogs of the neighborhood. Usually the party proceeds to the home of some friend, a Kansas farmer, blessed with plenty, and ever ready to extend a hearty welcome.

From the farm-house the party proceed toward the vast corn-fields. The horsemen are formed in line much like that made by cavalrymen when deployed as skirmishers. The dogs are well in front, but not too far. When the dogs come to a stand the sportsmen ride forward with guns ready for immediate use, the reins are dropped on the horses' necks, the steed being managed only with the spur. When the flock is forced to take wing the huntsmen fire, and the rattle of shot-guns reminds one of the sounds of a sharp skirmish. As fast as the birds fall the dogs mark and secure them, and take them to their respective masters. As fast as the birds are brought they are tied to thongs attached to the saddle.

As winter sets in, and the weather becomes sufficiently cold, thousands of the birds are shot and shipped in barrels to the Eastern markets.

DICKENS AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS.

IT has been apparent from his first (or rather his second) encounter with the custom-house officials, and the several gentlemen who sailed to meet him in Boston Harbor, that Mr. DICKENS is to find no diminution in the number, and, we fear, little change in the humor, of his friends in America. They have already appeared equally as numerous and as violently demonstrative as they were 25 years ago; and they promptly began the siege of his quarters as soon as he was safely ensconced therein. But Mr. DICKENS, if we are to believe the telegrams from "the Hub," is wiser in this age and generation than he was in the previous one, and does not intend to be at once bored out of humor, and deceived as to the American character by that class indigenous to every soil, and to be found in every society which thrusts itself unasked and uncalled on every distinguished individual who visits us, be he Lord, Snob, or Genius. To the multitude who endeavored to invade, in platoons, his quarters at the Parker House, Boston, it is reported that he wisely answered, "Not at home."

Any one can imagine, as our artist has, the style of the "American friends" who endeavored to thrust themselves upon Mr. DICKENS. They are doubtless the identical representatives of the identical classes whom he encountered on his first visit, and whom he has described, not in the American Notes at which we so foolishly grumble, but in that broader satire on our peculiarities, "Martin Chuzzlewit." Of course his first visitor was the pre-eminently American news-boy with the identical *Sewer*, full of the same slang and abuse with which he was greeted on his first advent. Papers of that style, Colonel Divers to edit them and Jefferson

Bricks to report for them, are no more likely to die out than are the race of news-boys; and many such have ere this heard "Mark Tapley" or Mr. Dolby answer through the keyhole, "Not at home." The country can still muster any number of the youthful Pograms of the South, equally economical of soap and extravagant of hair, who will ruminate as seriously over their tobacco-plugs as did their great original; and who, in lieu of having slavery and other "Institootions" to talk about will, if permitted, tell this "morbid British hater of the institootions of our country" all about "the oppressions of the Chivalry," and renew their allusions to "Repudiation." The "Jineral Fladdocks" are multiplied by dozens, and Mr. Dickens will hardly be able to turn a corner of the street without encountering one, looking as important "as if the city were in a state of siege, and no other general to be got for love or money." The "Edens" and the "Mr. Scadders" and "Chollops" are no longer to be found along the Mississippi; Mr. Dickens will have to make a visit toward the western end of the Pacific Railroad to encounter the genuine Scadders and Chollops; but the "man and the brother" can be seen in his old abiding-place, though under very changed circumstances from those under which he first encountered him. He need journey no further than New York to find "Major Pawkins" in all his glory and importance, regulating ward elections and imagining himself a Bismarck, controlling the destinies of the nation. He will find "mothers of the modern Gracchi" and LL's in any quantity in all parts of the country, including Boston; and in short, if he is to keep open house, it will go hard if his old friends whom he immortalized in Chuzzlewit are not among the first to turn up.

But it appears Mr. Dickens intends this time to study American character at his leisure and not by wholesale. He is to choose his acquaintances. We are heartily glad of it; we trust that Colonel Diver, Mr. Brick, Mrs. Hominy, and Mr. Pogram will keep or be kept in the back-ground; and we may hope that Mr. Dickens's new American Notes and novels, in which he is to paint the changes of the past quarter of a century, will contain fewer uncomfortable facts and more agreeable characters than did his former ones.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 21, 1867.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

In the first Number of the ensuing Volume of Harper's Weekly *for January 4, 1868, will be commenced the publication of* "THE MOONSTONE," *a new Serial Novel by* Wilkie Collins, *Author of* "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. This Novel, printed from the *Author's Manuscript, will be published here simultaneously with its issue in Mr.* Charles Dickens's *paper,* "All the Year Round." *In* Harper's Weekly *it will be illustrated with Original Drawings by* Parsons, Jewett, Bush, *and other American Artists.*

HOW TO DO IT.

The Constitution provides that the President "shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The President has accordingly recently informed Congress that the Union is still disorganized, and that it is so because Congress does not obediently accept his view of the policy necessary to restore it. In his Excellency's present opinion—for he has by no means been always of his present mind—the true course is to consider that there has been a riot in certain States, which is now subdued. Not to take this view, and be satisfied with it, is, in the President's judgment, to destroy the Constitution. To invite any body but the former voting class in the late rebel States to reorganize civil governments in them, is to "violate the Constitution in the face of a positive interdict." That there has been a rebellion, and war, and emancipation, and a total upheaval of society, and that something more may be necessary than an order of "as you were!" is a view of the situation of which in the President's estimation no well-regulated mind can be guilty.

This is, as every body sees, but the same dreary old story. There is not a new stroke in it. But the reasoning which did not satisfy two years ago is still wholly unsatisfactory, for it omits the facts. Congress has reasoned upon the facts. Leaving the President's futile theories behind, it has adopted a plan of reconstruction which is even now in process of development; and because the late elections have gone against the party of the Congressional majority the President declares that the people have decided between him and Congress, and recommends that the work be undone. In what manner it should be renewed he does not directly say. But the argument of his Message plainly shows that, having repealed the Reconstruction law, the States in question should be reorganized by the late rebels exclusively, and that the colored population should be left entirely at their mercy.

In what a melancholy circle the Presidential mind swings around! A year ago last summer we had an illustration of the results of the policy now proposed by him. The massacre in New Orleans indicates exactly the peace, and prosperity, and serene reconstruction which would result from the abandonment of those States and their loyal population to the control of the late rebels, or what the Democratic journals call "the people" of the South. And what does the President, or what does any sensible man, suppose would be the result of depriving the newly-enfranchised population of political power and remanding them into the "tutelage" of the whites? There is no folly so insane as the supposition that such a course is possible or practicable.

One of the chief Copperhead newspapers in the North, the New York *World*, announces, with all the emphasis of italics, that the Republican policy of "negro reconstruction will not be suffered to stand." Now we are of opinion that the *World* can prevent that reconstruction exactly as much as it prevented the successful issue of the war, and no more. During the war the *World's* sympathies and efforts were for the rebels, and its affectation of patriotism deceived nobody. As it hoped for a rebel success then, so it hopes for a rebel success now. But it may make up its mind that the Copperhead policy of rebel reconstruction will not even begin, much less stand. To suppose that the majority of the voters in the loyal States, in reorganizing civil government at the South, will enfranchise the whole rebel class, and disfranchise the whole loyal class, is simply absurd. With the mass of voters it is not a question of humanity in the first place, but of policy. They wish peace, and reason and experience show them that peace is not possible in the Southern States unless the freedmen have the protection of the ballot. The Democratic party has just carried the State of New York by fifty thousand majority. If it should to-morrow propose to the State its policy of rebel reconstruction and loyal ostracism at the South, it would be defeated.

The situation in the Southern States is far from agreeable; but it is incomparably better and more promising than any situation of those States which this generation has seen. It is neither morally, socially, industrially, nor politically so perilous as it was twenty years ago. The apparent prosperity, the apparent repose, the apparent occasional luxury of life there, were, as the event has proved, mere glittering delusions. To restore the old condition as nearly as possible would be merely to undo as nearly as possible the last six years. It would be to suppress education, free thought, and free speech, and to establish a system whose security depends upon ignorance and silence. The President and the Democratic party might as well hope to restore Judge Taney to the Supreme Bench, and to establish slavery in the Territories, as to renew the old division of the Southern States into a master and subject class, under whatever name or pretense the task might be attempted.

Yet the whole object of the Message, and the reaction of which it is an expression, is to recommend this kind of restoration, while the only possible and practicable policy is to proceed with reconstruction. It must not be forgotten that the suffrage was not given to the enfranchised class at once. It was not given to them until experience had plainly proved that without it the rights of that class were not safe. If those to whom the President would alone intrust the practical power had shown that they would use it for the common protection they could have had it. But they eagerly hastened to show that they would not use it justly or with safety to the country. Therefore Congress wisely declined to surrender to them, and by making suffrage general opened the way for every man to protect himself.

There will undoubtedly be much that is grotesque and unwise in the action of the new constituencies. But the constitution which "Mr. Pope's Convention" (as the *World* calls it, with a touch of the same exquisite humor that describes Senators Sherman and Fessenden as disunionists) frames, although some of its provisions may be crude, will not have the deep and damnable cruelty of the old State government before the war; and whatever the Virginia Convention may do, its action can not be more savagely denounced by the Democratic papers than the Albany *Argus* denounced the action of our own Constitutional Convention of which it said, with a pompous absurdity that makes the *World's* gibes at the Southern Conventions inexpressibly tame: "Their course is the last phase of that 'Higher Law' drama, which, opening in fanaticism and hate, and dragging on through tragedies of blood and woe, now drifts toward anarchy and chaos, and that night of despotism that lowers beyond."

If the work of reconstruction—a work in its nature slow and difficult—has been complicated and delayed, the President and his supporters may thank themselves. It is they who have taught the late rebels to believe that they could reorganize their States as they chose, and not as the victorious country chose. And it is that belief which has made and still makes the trouble.

THE RIGHTS OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

During the forty years between 1820 and 1860 more than five millions of foreigners came to this country, and the greater part of them, eighty-five per cent., remained. If there is a principle which is popularly precious to the heart of the country it is that those millions had the right to come, the right to stay, the right to make themselves citizens by complying with the laws, and the right as citizens to be defended by the Government. This is a truth, as we said last week, quite irrespective of Fenian folly or political Buncombe. A million of Irishmen come to this country, are naturalized, and vote. Great Britain says: "Those are my subjects." The United States reply: "These are our citizens." If Great Britain attempts to enforce her claim and to require allegiance of the American citizen, the duty of our Government is plain. It must show at once and emphatically the reason of its position. It must show that the persons in question are admitted by our law to be citizens and voters; and that to acknowledge the demand of Great Britain would be practically to concede that subjects of that power help to elect and administer our Government.

Yet, before the claim of the British or of any foreign government in the matter of allegiance is vehemently denounced, it is well to know precisely what our wisest commentators upon public law have said. There is a plain conflict of law between the countries. Great Britain holds that allegiance can not be alienated. The United States, by their naturalization laws, hold that every man may elect the government to which he will be subject. The question practically arose at the late trial of Colonel Warren in England. He was charged as a Fenian conspirator, and he replied by producing his naturalization record as a citizen of the United States, and, as an alien, claimed a "mixed jury" under the law of Edward Third, which allows an alien to be tried by a jury of six Englishmen and six aliens of any country, if they can be found. The Lord Chief Baron Pigot admitted the law but denied its application in the case before him, because, he said, no subject of the crown of Great Britain can alienate his allegiance. Yet Dr. Twiss, a publicist of authority, says that the English doctrine is the creature of municipal law, finds no countenance in the law of nations, and is in direct conflict with the incontestable rule of that law.

Chief Baron Pigot read passages from American authorities which seemed to show that the American doctrine is substantially that of Great Britain. Judge Story says: "There is no authority which has decided affirmatively in regard to the right of expatriation, and there is a very strong current of reasoning opposed to it, independent of the known practices and claims of modern nations of Europe." Chancellor Kent says that the question has never been settled by judicial decision. And speaking of Americans, he adds, "The better opinion would seem to be that a citizen can not renounce his allegiance without permission of the Government of the United States to be declared by law." This leaves the question to be decided by the Government and not by the citizen. But, on the other hand, the Supreme Court of the United States decided in 1827: "In the United States expatriation is considered a fundamental right. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance grew out of the feudal system, and became inoperative when the obligations ceased upon which that system was founded." And in 1859 Mr. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, wrote to our Minister at Berlin: "The right of expatriation can not at this day be doubted or denied in the United States."

This is the official voice of the Government, and would seem to mean expatriation in the broadest sense; the right, that is, of any person to leave the United States at his pleasure and become subject to a foreign government, and of any foreigner to come to this country and acquire complete citizenship under our laws, to the exclusion of every claim of his native country. This is the view of President Woolsey in his late treatise upon International Law: "There is no doubt that a State, having undertaken to adopt a stranger, is bound to protect him like any other citizen. The nation which has naturalized him, and has thus bound itself to protect him, can not abandon its pledges on account of the views of civil obligation which another nation may entertain."

Yet, as a matter of fact, the Government of the United States has always acknowledged that it would not defend a naturalized citizen against the claims of another government for duties actually due before naturalization. Even Mr. Cass admits a certain claim. He wrote in 1859 to our minister in Prussia: "I confine the foreign jurisdiction in regard to our naturalized citizens.........to the case of actual desertion or of refusal to enter the army after having been regularly drafted and called into it by the Government." Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Everett did not claim as much as Mr. Cass. They held that if a country does not acknowledge the right of a native to renounce his allegiance, it may enforce his claims if he is found within its jurisdiction. The present international agreement, so to say, is, that if a native voluntarily emigrates and settles permanently in another country, and is there naturalized, his native country can not enforce claims upon him which originate after naturalization. But what a nation may do to enforce obligations existing before naturalization elsewhere is not settled by international practice.

In 1812, when Great Britain threatened to punish as traitors its native subjects naturalized in the United States and bearing arms against England, our Government arrested British officers as hostages. But the question, although it is popularly supposed to have occasioned the war, was not settled by it. The treaty of Ghent is silent upon this most vital point of the controversy. But public opinion in this country has been steadily settling into the conviction that a naturalized citizen must be protected equally with the native. Yet it is not a settled question. It is not a point upon which we can insist as if there were no doubt; as if all precedent and treaty and understanding were harmonious and conclusive. It is a subject for discussion and deliberate settlement; and for the utmost moderation and calmness, which are entirely compatible with the utmost firmness.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

The question of the government of the city of New York is one of the most interesting which the State Convention has had to consider. It has not yet been debated in committee of the whole, but four reports have been submitted to the Convention: that of the Majority, that of the Minority, that of Mr. Francis, and that of Mr. Murphy.

The Majority Report proposes for all cities a Mayor to be elected for three years, who shall be ineligible for the next term, and removable by the Governor, after due notice and for causes assigned. In case of a vacancy in the office, the presiding officer of the Board of Aldermen is to be invested with its powers and duties until the vacancy shall be filled. The Mayor is to appoint the heads of Departments, and they their subordinate officers; all other executive agents to be named by the Mayor, and to be removable at pleasure. In New York and Brooklyn there is to be a Board of Aldermen of twelve members, to hold for four years, a fourth going out every year. There is to be one assistant alderman from each ward, to be annually elected. The Mayor is to have a veto as in the national Constitution. The Controller is to be elected for three years, and to be removable like the Mayor. Justices of the peace and police justices are to be elected for four years, removable by such court as the law may direct.

The Minority Report of Mr. Opdyke proposes the annual election of a Mayor, removable for cause by the Governor, and upon due notice, a vacancy to be filled by the Governor. In New York there is to be a Board of Aldermen of eleven members, to be elected by tax-payers upon property of not less than a thousand dollars' value. The term of office to be two years, five going out at the end of one term and six at the end of the other. The assistant Aldermen are to be twenty-one, elected annually in separate districts. The Controller is to be elected for three years by the same tax-payers, and to be removable by the Mayor. The heads of Departments are to be nominated by the Mayor to the Board of Aldermen, and appointed with their consent. With the same consent he is to nominate justices of the peace and police justices. The right to provide for the preservation of the public health and to appoint and control the police is to remain with the Legislature, as also the interests of the port and of commerce.

The Report of Mr. Francis provides a single article only, continuing the present police organizations of the several districts, and creating a State Superintendent of Police to reside at the capital, and to supervise the police system as the law may direct.

Mr. Murphy agrees in general with the Majority Report, but protests against the vast power proposed for the Mayor, which he urges would enable that officer to name his successor.

The conclusive reasoning of the Report of Mr. Francis, to the effect that all municipal authority is delegated by the State, and that the State must insist upon deciding under the circumstances as they arise how much and in what manner the delegation shall be made, we have heretofore mentioned. Mr. Opdyke's carefully-considered Report, the result of much experience and thought, holds that local interests are safest under local control; and that, while municipal powers may be enlarged, they can be enlarged safely only under certain limitations and safeguards, which the Report designates. Thus the Report would leave with the State the control of the police, sanitary, and commercial interests in cities, because they are not exclusively local interests; and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn it would create a tax-paying constituency for the Board of Aldermen, so that all municipal money bills shall originate in a body elected by the tax-payers. The property qualification is urged by the Report not as conferring political knowledge, but upon the ground that municipal governments are not political. They chiefly supervise and preserve property. The qualifications for city magistracy are integrity and business capacity, and such a magistracy will be best chosen by those who have acquired and preserved property. This is especially true of the city of New York, and the Minority Report prefers the present "disjointed government" of the city to the unrestrained system proposed by the Majority.

It is impossible to foretell the action of the Convention; but we shall be very much surprised if it shall advise the State to abdicate its rights in the cities, and to put the security of the people and property of the whole State in the city of New York at the mercy of the voting population of that city.

EXTRAORDINARY LIBERALITY.

The American public has been aware of no little interest and stir, during the last year, among the people called Methodists, in commemoration of their origin, as a religious denomination, a hundred years ago. They proposed to signalize its centenary jubilee in a thoroughly American style, by thoroughly practical aims. Some of these aims seemed marked by our nationally-characteristic spirit of exaggeration. The Methodists had, doubtless, much to boast of, and much to hope for. They had become, numerically, the predominant religious communion of the nation, comprising in their different branches (all essentially identical in every thing but a few points of ecclesiastical polity) two millions of communicants, and about seven or eight millions of the population, in their congregations—that is to say, about one-fifth of the American people. Though beginning as a Church of the poorer classes, they had, by the habits of frugality and industry which Christianity inculcates, and by the facilities of American life, been rapidly growing wealthy, like their less successful contemporaries, the Quakers. Still, when their last "General Conference" proposed to them the sum of two millions of dollars, as their centenary contribution, besides all their usual annual religious expenditures, the public gave them credit for a very generous calculation, but hardly expected to see it realized. No little surprise is therefore expressed to find that the contribution actually amounts to about *seven millions*—the largest sum of money by far ever voluntarily given to religious purposes, in one year, by a single denomination. A late number of *The Methodist* devotes a whole page to tabular statements of these donations, and figures up $6,931,255 96. This, however, is but a partial exhibit; it comprises but partial reports from forty-five conferences, whereas there are sixty-six conferences. No less than twenty-one, or nearly a third, of these large sections of the Church are yet to be heard from; and these sixty-six bodies pertain to the single "Methodist Episcopal Church," which includes but about half of the Methodists of the country.

This remarkable example of liberality is, indeed, a national indication, and may well be considered a matter of national pride. Added to similar examples, connected with the late war, it reveals a public spirit and generosity altogether novel in the history of the world, and flatteringly characteristic of the country.

It shows not only the spirit of the American people, but the really boundless resources of the nation. Coming out of a terrible and wasteful war, and burdened with hardly equaled taxation, the common people, the bone and sinew of the Republic, are nevertheless equal to these great things—these magnificent and voluntary achievements. And they are not heedless or fanatical in them; they know what they are about, for they are a practical and calculating people. It may be doubted whether any Methodist citizen is sensibly poorer for what he has given on this memorable "centenary" occasion. The fact is that our resources are illimitable, and the American people may propose and accomplish things that would seem utterly hyperbolical to any other country. As Secretary Harlan (himself a Methodist) told his church, at one of its centenary meetings in this city, the wealth of the nation doubles every ten years. Was there ever an equal fact known among any other people? What can not such a people do, so far as money is concerned? When we think of all our present national wealth—our ships, manufactures, farms, railroads, etc., and remind ourselves that in ten years the aggregate valuation is to be duplicated, in twenty years quadrupled, the calculation becomes almost stunning, and we are half inclined to doubt our calculations, though they are based upon well-ascertained data and ratios. What is even the national debt to a people in such a condition? We get along tolerably well even now with its immense taxation, but in a decade our taxable resources will be doubled; in other words, the debt will be half reduced relatively to its credit basis. Our people may then well feel rich and liberal; and this unparalleled self-taxation of American Methodists, for their church purposes, need not be regretted by their fellow-citizens as a wasted or misdirected liberality, an extravagant use of a large amount of the wealth of the country. This remark will be the more readily accepted when the chief object of these prodigious contributions is considered. That object is education—a fact of exceeding significance, for it shows that the denomination is prudently looking to the future, and to the fortification of its remarkable forces by permanent means of security. It is a fact also which gives a sort of national, or at least patriotic, character to the contribution; for education, by whatever provisions, ecclesiastical or civil, is a public, a national good. Judging from the tables in *The Methodist*, it would seem that a great proportion of these millions of money is consecrated to educational institutions, actual or prospective. We have lately given illustrations of two of the "centenary" edifices of Methodism, the schools at Evanston, Illinois, and Madison, New Jersey, and they are both proofs that the Church is up to the times in architectural taste. Aside, then, from any sectarian considerations, its centenary munificence deserves general and grateful acknowledgment as an example of public beneficence.

With such energy, and especially with such a direction of its energy, Methodism seems destined to a future as important as its past. Its official organ (*The Christian Advocate*, of this city) reports that its progress in the centenary, and the present year has been surprisingly great. In these two years it has increased in church membership more than 215,500—equivalent to nearly one-fourth of the whole Church as reported in 1865, the year before the centenary. Meanwhile, and notwithstanding the financial efforts of the centenary, all its stated pecuniary contributions (except for Missions) have gone on with greatly augmented momentum. It has erected the present year no less than 932 churches and parsonages, equivalent to nearly three a day, if we except Sundays. Its increase of church property (in these two items) for the year amounts to nearly seven millions of dollars. It reports more than a million of children in its Sunday-schools, instructed by one hundred and seventy-five thousand teachers. It must be borne in mind that these great results pertain to but one branch of the denomination, and that this embodies but about half the Methodists of the nation.

THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL GRANT.

The meeting at Cooper Institute to nominate General Grant for the Presidency is chiefly significant as showing the confidence reposed in him by the capital of New York. Capital finds something very consoling in his steadfast moderation, and is willing to make him President upon no platform but his character. That is but saying that Capital has no political opinions. It has no great national policy to maintain. It asks rest and the prosperity that follows tranquillity; and it very naturally and justly believes that tranquillity is more probable under Grant's Presidency than under that of any other man.

But Presidents are not elected by those who have no policy. The popular instinct has designated Grant as President not because he has no policy, but because he is believed to be sincerely in sympathy with the policy of the Republican party. He is a silent man; but by no word or act has he ever indicated the least approval of the spirit or the measures of the Democratic party; and by a wise instinct the Democratic leaders are very careful not to speak of him as their possible candidate. The positive men of the meeting at Cooper Institute were Republicans; the speeches were Republican, and so was the enthusiasm. It is very amusing to read in the *Times* of a day or two afterward that the speakers "were scarcely representatives of such a movement as this meeting proposed to inaugurate," and that "those who have the movement in hand will do well to be more careful in their future proceedings."

The mysterious "movement" mentioned in these extracts is what is called a "no-party" party. But it is not quite time yet for that consummation. In our political system an election for the Presidency is a contest of opposing political views. We contend for the crown as well as for the government under it; so that even were it possible that both parties should decline to nominate a President and suffer General Grant to be elected by common consent, the struggle would be merely shifted to the Vice-Presidency and the Congressional election. Then the President would be compelled to choose. He must favor the one policy or the other, or else fall into the unhappy plight of a President without a party. "Those who have the movement in hand" are the people of the United States who hold to the Congressional policy as opposed to that of the President; and Grant is an irresistible candidate, because he has shown by his acts and words that he feels with them.

He is, moreover, a man of the new epoch, and instinctively understands it. The great question of the election and of his administration is reconstruction; and a man who brings with him no traditional prejudices from old party conflicts brings an essential qualification for the settlement of that question. There are no old grudges to forget, no old hostilities to forgive. The men who are instrumental in producing revolutions seldom organize their results. Sam Adams was a hero of 1772, not of 1789. Those among us who were most active and efficient in the great anti-slavery debate before the war are not necessarily the best leaders now that the war has abolished slavery.

Besides this, there is a profound distrust of party machinery which inclines the nation to look hopefully upon a wholly independent candidate. Nothing has harmed Mr. Chase as a Presidential candidate more than the universal consciousness that, although Chief Justice of the United States, his heart was set upon the Presidency. This, also, repelled public sympathy from him in 1864 when he was Secretary of the Treasury, but was also supposed to be cognizant of the Pomeroy movement to make him Mr. Lincoln's successor. The same party machinery is understood to have been arranged for Mr. Chase's nomination some months since; and the people are tired of a candidate who is imposed upon them by politicians, although they know by sad experience that they can not always help themselves. Here, however, is a chance. There are many and many of the best men in the Republican party who are glad that at length the people can impose a candidate upon the managers, and compel his nomination both because of his popularity and of the general faith in him.

We say imposed upon the managers, because party action is necessary to General Grant's election. Should the Republican Convention nominate another candidate, the probability is that there would be so formidable a bolt that the party ascendency would be overthrown. The defection might not elect Grant, but it would defeat any other candidate. It is therefore to be hoped that the managers will be warned in time. They must have sense enough to see that in the present temper of the public mind it is their duty to follow an evident lead. They must not hope, by professing to abide by the nomination of the Convention, and then working to determine that nomination, that they can induce the public mind to distrust itself. It is not a contest which should be carried into the Convention. The mass of the party having unmistakably indicated their choice, it is idle to attempt formally to defeat it.

General Grant is not a coward. He has never sought to win by an ambush. He does not expect the country to make him President without knowing his sympathies and opinions. Does his career leave any doubt what they are? If it does, does any body suppose he will decline a Republican nomination upon the platform of the security of equal rights at the South, of the preservation of the public faith, in the payment of the debt, and of the most rigid economy in national administration?

Mr. E. DELAFIELD SMITH.

Some two years since Mr. E. Delafield Smith was removed from the office of District Attorney, under charges which were very injurious to his character, but which are now shown to be wholly false. Mr. Hurlburd, the chairman of the committee which was responsible for the imputation, Attorney-Generals Bates and Speed, who are now fully informed of the facts, and the latter of whom advised his removal, are earnest in their regrets at the serious injury which has so causelessly been done to Mr. Smith, and the four members of the committee who signed the report of Mr. Hurlburd—two of each party—unite in the complete, although tardy, exoneration. The letters of these gentlemen remove every shade which rested upon the reputation of the late officer, and show what an enormous wrong may be unintentionally done to the most innocent person.

THE CHRISTMAS "WEEKLY PRESS."

The Philadelphia *Press* is one of the best of the chief newspapers in the country, edited with peculiar sagacity and knowledge in both its political and literary departments. The senior editor is a man of the widest experience in public affairs, and during the war his journal was a patriotic power. The literary editor is thoroughly familiar with authors and books, and the personal literary reminiscences with which he often enriches the paper are always interesting and valuable. The *Weekly Press* of December 21 is to be a Christmas Number, to which Captain Mayne Reid contributes two of his stories, "Christmas on the Back of a Cachalot," and "A Christmas Mistake." The Number will contain in addition a sparkling holiday miscellany; and we advise all parents to remember how popular Captain Reid is with the young folks, and we especially recommend the young folks not to let papa forget to remember.

A NEW CHROMO.

With the approach of the holidays every art that produces pleasant little gifts is quickened into activity as we are reminded by the very pretty chromolithograph "At Mischief," made by D. C. Fabronius and published by N. Stafford. It represents a pert kitten who has tipped over a work-basket and is rapidly unwinding a spool of white thread. It is brilliantly done, and there is no brighter little ornament for the nursery, and none surer to be popular.

LITERARY.

The Harpers continue to issue their cheap and convenient edition of the best current English novels, besides those which they serially issue. "Circe," and "Birds of Prey," by Miss Braddon—if, indeed, Babington White be she—which seems to be generally understood; "The Curate's Discipline," by Mrs. Eilvart, which is highly praised; "Alec Forbes of Howglen," by George Macdonald, always humorous, quiet, and simple; "Mr. Wynyard's Ward," by Holme Lee, always, like Douglas, "tender and true; "The Brothers' Bet," by Emilie Carlen, the Swedish novelist; "The Tenants of Malory," by Le Fanu, are some of the latest published. They are but a part of the constantly-increasing list of really entertaining stories which are now being told by the score, and the best of which are immediately reproduced by the Harpers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The details of organization in the Senate were completed on December 4, and the President's Message was read. We gave a synopsis of this document last week, and also the substance, as embodied in the President's Message, of the various reports of the heads of Departments.

On December 3 Mr. Schenck, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill providing for the abolition of the tax of 2½ cents per pound on all cotton grown in the United States after 1867. An effort was made to make the bill apply to cotton raised in 1867, and to secure the immediate repeal of the tax; but it was represented that four-fifths of the crop of 1867 is already sold, and that speculators and not producers would realize the advantage of such a repeal of the tax. The bill of Mr. Schenck passed the House on December 4 by a vote of 145 yeas to 20 nays.

The effort to get the Senate to officially declare that the debt of the country shall be paid in specie was resumed in the Senate on December 4, and Mr. Edmunts, the originator of the bill (which is merely intended as an official expression against repudiation in any form), made a lengthy argument in favor of making such declaration for the financial and commercial quiet of the nation. Action on it was, however, delayed until December 6, when it was referred to the Committee on Finance, along with a similar resolution offered by Mr. Hendricks of Indiana.

The impeachment debate began in the House on December 5, and was continued by Messrs. Boutwell and Wilson through that and the session of December 6, when Mr. Wilson, favoring the Minority Report of the Impeachment Committee, moved to lay the subject on the table. Considerable excitement ensued, in which a motion to adjourn was lost by a very decided vote. Subsequently two hours were consumed in efforts to prevent a vote on Mr. Wilson's movement, and the House finally adjourned. On December 7 the question again came up; Mr. Wilson withdrew his motion to lay the subject on the table, and the vote was taken on the main question as expressed in the resolution, "That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." The vote resulted as follows: for impeachment, 58; against impeachment, 108.

In the Senate, on December 9, a series of resolutions on a proposed treaty with Canada was offered, and ordered to be printed. The object of the treaty is twofold, viz.: the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the accession by the United States of the British territory lying between Oregon and Alaska, and between the ninetieth degree of longitude and the Pacific Ocean. Six millions is the sum proposed in payment.

The Civil Rights Bill for the District of Washington passed the House, on December 9, and now goes to the President.

NEWS ITEMS.

The mayoralty election in New York city on December 3 resulted in the selection of John T. Hoffman, Democrat, by a majority of 44,466 over the Republican nominee, and 40,099 over Fernando Wood, Democrat. The vote of the city was as follows: Hoffman, 62,931; Wood, 22,832; Darling, 18,465; total, 104,228.

Judge Underwood was elected President of the Virginia Convention, which organized on December 4.

The United States steamers *De Soto* and *Monongahela* were driven ashore at Santa Cruz and St. Croix, West Indies, during one of the late hurricanes, and lost. The crews of both vessels escaped with life.

The Alabama Convention passed an ordnance on December 5, providing for the submission of the new Constitution to the people on February 4, 1868, when Congressmen and State officers are to be elected.

The ship *Lord Brougham* arrived at New York on December 6, with twenty cases of Asiatic cholera on board. Seventy-five passengers died on the trip from Hamburg.

The December statement of the public debt ($2,639,382,572) shows that $48,425,487 of the indebtedness of the government have been canceled during the year 1867.

In the Alabama Reconstruction Convention on November 30 an ordinance was passed organizing a militia force of one company to every thousand voters, to be officered only by persons of known loyalty. The war debt of the State was declared null and void.

A Zoological Garden is planned for Central Park, to embrace, when completed, the largest zoological collection in the world. The array of animals at present on exhibition, which form the nucleus of the grand project, is either confined to the arsenal or scattered through the grounds. The plot selected for the gardens is situated on Eighth Avenue, and is bounded by Ninth Avenue, Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets. Animals from every quarter of the globe will be domiciled in the building. The temperature of the air will be graduated to the natural climate whence they come, whether from the frigid or the torrid zones, and native keepers, acquainted with their disposition and wants, will be selected for them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The *Alabama* claims came up again in the English Parliament on December 4, and Lord Stanley has submitted a second installment of the correspondence on the subject. In one of his communications to the English chargé d'affaires at Washington he says that England will never submit to foreign arbitration claims involving her right to recognize belligerents, but is willing to refer all indemnity claims to a mixed Commission of Englishmen and Americans. The publication of this correspondence and President Johnson's Message created considerable feeling and affected the English markets unfavorably.

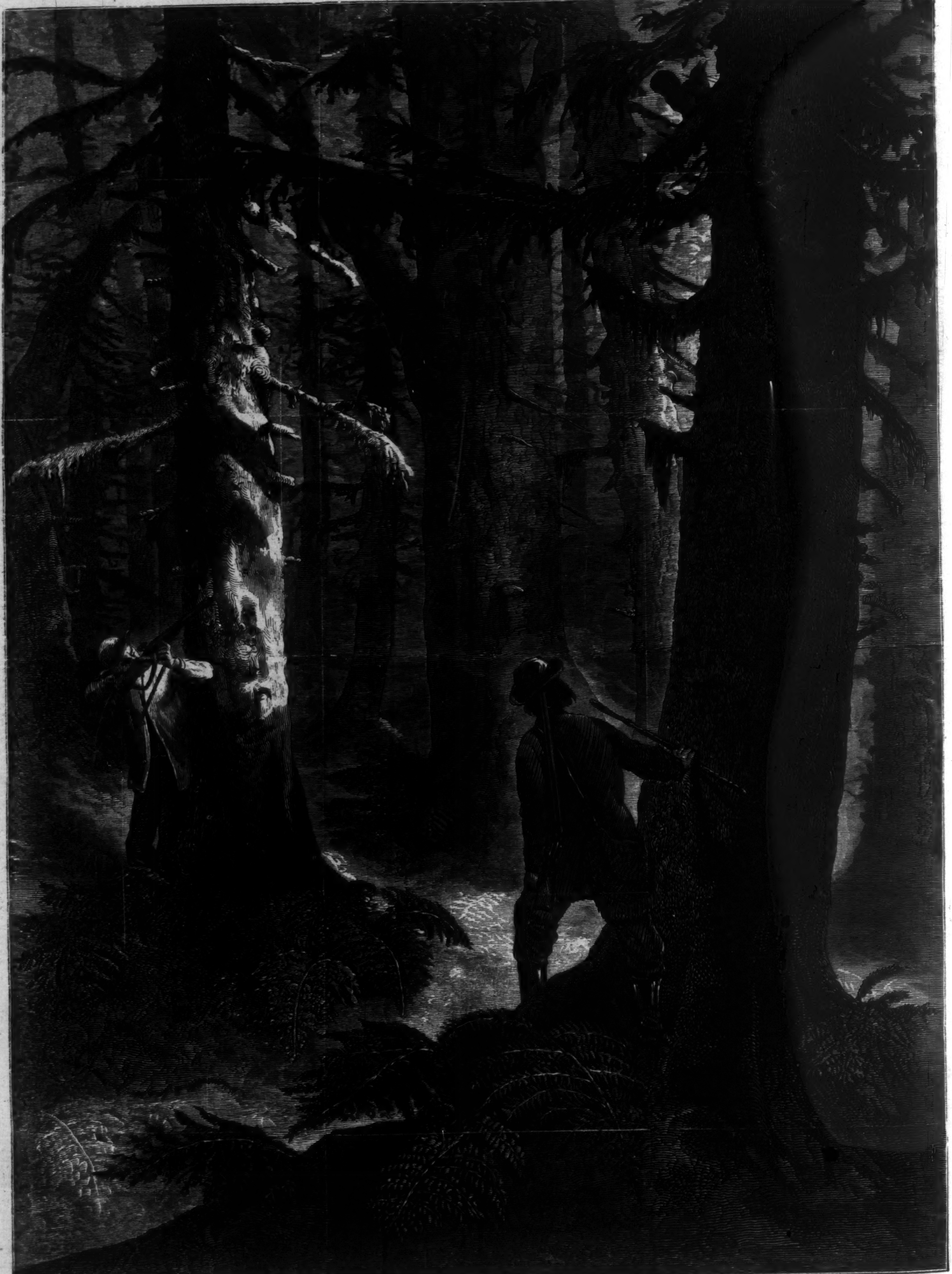
The Roman Conference is to assemble, if it ever meets, at Paris and not at Munich. Prussia and Austria are the only Powers that have positively agreed to be present. The Powers most interested in it—Italy and Rome—have not as yet consented to be present. Russia and England refuse to attend unless the purpose of the Convention is clearly defined.

Victor Emanuel has granted an amnesty to Garibaldi's adherents.

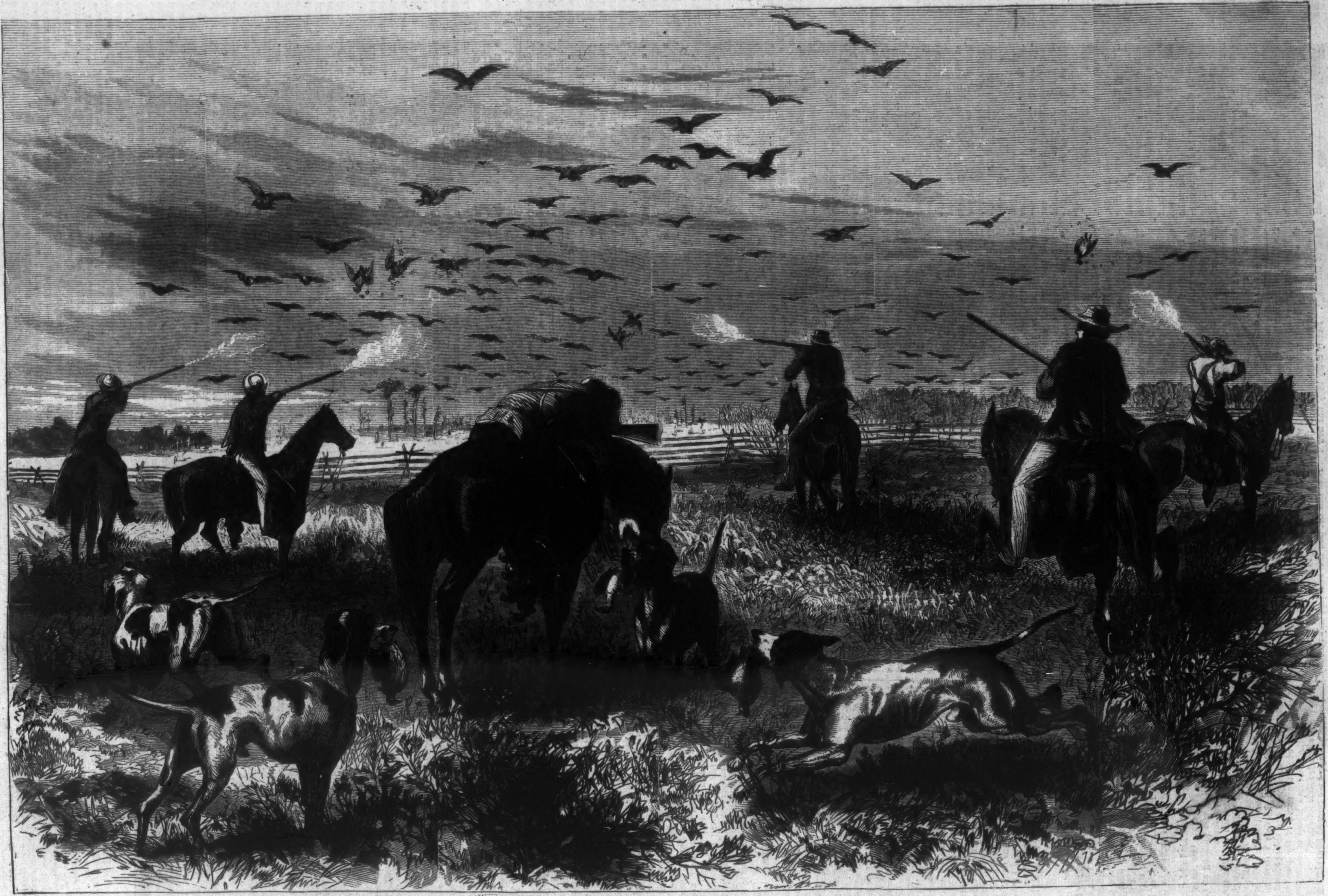
The Mexican Congress assembled at the Capital on November 20, and organized by the choice of Rafael Dondè as President. Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President of the republic, is a Congressman elect, though he is still a prisoner.

SQUIRREL HUNTING.

NEARLY one-third of all the squirrels in the world build their nests in the hollows of American trees, and consequently the most of the sport of squirrel hunting is to be found in this country. There are several species known to this country. The largest of the North American species is the fox-squirrel of the Southern States. It is about 2¼ feet long, the tail alone measuring 15 inches. The color varies from a gray above and white below through various shades of rusty to uniform shining black. The gray variety is found in all parts of the Union. It prefers elevated and open pine ridges where there are occasional oak, hickory, and nut trees; the nest for the winter and breeding seasons is made in a hollow tree, and in summer in the forks between the branches. The young are born in March and April, being fed by the parents for 4 or 5 weeks. The food consists of acorns, nuts, fruit of the pine cones, green corn in the summer, buds and roots in spring, and whatever it can get in the winter, as it does not appear to lay up any winter stores, or to resort to any hoards previously buried in the ground. When alarmed it makes for a hollow tree; it is a swift runner, defends itself boldly, and is very tenacious of life; it is generally seen toward the middle of the day; it is easily domesticated, but is less active in the cage than the smaller species. They are very fond of nuts, and of green corn and young wheat, on which last account wars of extermination are often waged against them, whole villages turning out on an appointed day to hunt them, killing great numbers. At irregular periods they sometimes collect in large troops in the Northwest, migrating eastward, crossing rivers and mountains, and committing great destruction in the fields in their course. Our illustration on this page gives a clear idea of the manner in which they are usually hunted by sportsmen and dogs in this country; and forms an interesting addition to our series of sporting pictures.



SQUIRREL HUNTING.



PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING IN KANSAS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

MAKING UP FOR IT.

My family never intended that I should follow the stage as a profession. They considered themselves above it, though for what reason I could not clearly understand, seeing that the position and comforts they enjoyed were derived from a fortune amassed by my father, who was himself an actor. He died when I was very young, but the talent which he possessed was supposed to have descended to me.

There is no doubt nature intended me for a "mummer." The thousand impudent mocking antics of boyhood increased as I grew to man's estate. I used to "take off," as it is called, every body and every thing to perfection, from the popular tragedian of the day to Punch and Judy; not a novelty, from a street-cry to a new tenor, escaped me; and it was the generally-expressed opinion among my acquaintances that I was only fit for the stage, and should do no good at any thing else.

Yet my elder brothers and sisters—great people in their own circle—would not hear of it; so I was eventually installed as a junior clerk in a Government office. Here, however, my propensities soon brought me to grief. Sundry overheard derisive imitations of my chiefs, mingled with impromptu war-dances with ruler-and-desk accompaniments, performed during office-hours, to the immense delight of my fellow-clerks of my own age, chiefly brought about this result. Reprimand followed reprimand, until finally it was politely intimated that my resignation would be acceptable. This was duly sent in, amidst a great storm in my family.

Now, from what I may call the first of my latch-key days, I had contracted many theatrical friendships to which my well-known name was a certain passport. I was free of nearly all the theatres, before and behind the scenes, and many a time, for the fun of the thing, assisted in a piece requiring a multitude for a row, or other demonstration.

Private theatricals, of course, were my hobby; and, in the association for the encouragement of this amusement to which I belonged, I was a leading star.

Thus, when my retirement from office begot so much indignation at home, I retaliated by indulging in my long pent-up wish to join the brotherhood of the "sock and buskin." There was no difficulty about my doing so. The knowledge of my determination, once circulated in the profession, several engagements readily offered themselves, and two in the metropolis, when I should have served a fair apprenticeship in the country.

At it, then, I went, *con amore*, and very hard work did I find it. Still the love was there, and I hope the ability. I played a round of the most ridiculously opposite characters, from very old men down to very young ones; from grim warriors to the tenderest of lovers; from weird witches to a dragon in an extravaganza; in short, I served my time, and in due course achieved a sufficiently prominent rank in my profession.

It must be admitted that a theatrical company in the country does not offer to a man of any refinement a very large field for the acquisition of desirable friendships; yet I had formed one in the person of a young fellow of really good family, who had taken to the stage, under not dissimilar circumstances to mine. In fact, we were rather alike in stature and person generally, so much so that the manager of the Swellboro' circuit took advantage of this resemblance and played the *Comedy of Errors* for many nights with great success, the parts of the two Dromios of course being cast to me and Richard Hallerton.

A mutual understanding had existed between us from the first time we met, and for several years we laid our plans so as to be engaged as much as possible at the same theatre, during which time we grew more and more appreciative of each other, and a really very warm and hearty friendship was the result.

He, poor fellow, never made much way in the art. His health failed him frequently; more than this, he married and had a family, and having broken entirely with his own people through his adoption of the stage as a profession, it was as much as he could manage to keep things going. I was not quite so badly off for private resources; moreover, I earned a larger salary, which enabled me not unfrequently to be of service to him. At the close of a particularly arduous season I returned to the familiar locality of Swellboro'. This time, however, as a visitor to that fashionable watering-place to recruit my health, give my razors a holiday, and study one or two new and important parts. My friend Richard Hallerton was there as usual, slaving away in the old groove, and had sunk, I am sorry to say, into a third-rate actor.

His family had increased, as was to be expected, and with it his normal state of impecuniosity. This became more than usually apparent after our first meeting was over, and we had entered somewhat into domestic affairs. It appeared that he had been laid up for three months shortly before this time, consequently his salary had been stopped; and he had fallen fearfully into arrears with his landlord. Credit to a certain extent he had no difficulty in obtaining, as he was especially a favorite among all who knew him, for his good-nature and kind-heartedness, and seemed to be as permanently a part of the theatre as its chandelier or act-drop. There was no chance of poor Dick Hallerton running away, and no one feared that their pockets would eventually suffer. He had a hopeful, I may even say a graceful, manner of getting over the importunities of creditors when they became pressing. Indeed, truth to tell, he was one of those curious anomalies which are only to be met with in connection with the stage. Thoroughly gentlemanlike, somewhat good-looking, with a pleasant voice and manner, he gave you the idea in private life of being a man who would of necessity look well on the stage—a "jeune premier" born and bred. But, alas and alas! once with the foot-lights between himself and an audience, the whole bearing of the man seemed to change. It was not that he lacked confidence—stage fright had long since disappeared—yet somehow or other his voice did not tell; he lost the entire grace of his bearing, and, despite great skill in his make-up, his face had no expression; and certainly altogether to my thinking, even fond of him as I was, he was one of the worst actors I ever saw.

This fact struck me more forcibly than it had ever done before on going in front the first night after my arrival in Swellboro'. We had spent the afternoon together in the full enjoyment of each other's society. I went with him to his dressing-room door, and then took my seat to see part of the performance.

They were doing a new piece in which I had gained some reputation in town, and tempting offers had been made by the manager for me to "star" in the part at Swellboro' for a week or two. This, however, was not my policy; and I had resisted all his overtures. Dick consequently had retained his *rôle*; and I was a little curious to see what he would do with it. As it was a favorite part of mine, my adverse criticism of his performance may possibly be attributed to the proverbial jealousy of the profession; I don't think it was. However, be this as it may, my honest opinion is that, at the aforesaid dressing-room door, I left an accomplished and refined gentleman. When the curtain rose upon the comedy, I saw before me, in one word, a mere puppet, possessing not two ideas about the part he was playing. The only thing he did not fail in was his accurate get-up, so wonderfully like mine that had those been the days of photography it would have been scarcely possible to distinguish one from the other, had we both been taken in the same position.

It was on walking home that night that poor Hallerton disclosed to me the real state of his finances, and touched me to the quick by the unobtrusive and earnestly-pathetic appeal he made to me for help. "Ah, my poor friend!" thought I, "if you could only speak in that way upon the stage you would very soon be able to do without my assistance, or that of any one else." The result of our conference was that I promised him what he required; but, as I knew I should be occupied the whole of the following day, I arranged to bring him the money (£30) to the theatre the next evening.

He resided in a lonely, out-of-the way suburb—gaps of open country, interspersed with patches of brick-fields, heralding the erection of more tenements, intervened between it and the town, which was now gradually outgrowing itself. We shook hands at the top of a road, still almost rural, and which led across the fields to the three or four houses, in one of which he lived. We parted with a hearty good-night; he in better spirits, as he said, than he had been for months; but for myself—well I was not particularly elated; I felt that this kind of life could not last for him, poor fellow! And a foreboding of evil crept over me, mingled with a curious speculative regret at the mysterious cause which seemed to operate so pertinaciously against his success as an actor.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jack. I must have that money; there's no mistake about it. You've been a promising, and a promising, until I'm pretty nigh sick of the word. It seems as if you'd remembered what they used to tell ye at school, though I 'spects you hadn't much o' your larning from there—that some promises are made like pie-crust, only to be broken."

"Don't I say you shall have it next week? and I can't do more. You can't get blood out of a stone. Next week the Lancashire Spring Handicap comes off. I've had a first-rate tip; I've got my money on; and I am safe to pull off a pretty round sum—when I'll pay all your —— calls at once."

"Yes, you've got your money on; my money you mean; and half a dozen other people's money. What business has a chap like you to go betting? you know nothing at all about horses—how should you? And you gets taken in, and taken in, and loses enough a'most every year to keep a large family. You think you are very knowing about your 'tips,' and stables, and good things; but if it warn't for what you earns in the the-a-ter, through having your head on the right way for that sort of work, you'd have been lagged long ago. When I lent you the tin you promised you'd never go into another o' them betting-houses for a year; and three weeks afterward, didn't I see you a-coming out o' Lington's with a mug on you more like an undertaker's than a—"

"Now, you'd best shut up. I don't want no more o' your —— sermons here. When I want to hear that kind o' game, I can go round the corner. You mind your own—"

This edifying conversation, to which I had been an involuntary listener, was here brought to a conclusion by the shrill sound of the prompter's whistle, and the noise and bustle ensuing upon a change of scene.

I had arrived at the theatre, according to my arrangement with Hallerton, during the progress of the performance. He happened then to be on the stage, and I strolled down to the O. P. wing. It was while waiting there, as it chanced all alone, that I heard what passed on the other side of the flat against which I was leaning. I paid no attention to this dialogue at the time, and it was only subsequent occurrences which invested it with any thing like interest for me.

When Hallerton came off at the conclusion of the scene, as he did by the entrance where I was standing, we walked away together up to the back of the stage. Nearly every body was now engaged close down to the front—that is, in technical language, before the first grooves—and we were left by ourselves.

"Here are the notes, dear old boy!" said I, handing him the crisp little packet. "Don't say a word about thanks; I am only too glad that it has pleased the Fates to make me able to help you. I hope it will put you straight for a time; at any rate, don't bother yourself by thinking how or when you are going to pay me: if the time ever comes when you are able to do so (and for your sake I hope that it is not far off), all well and good; but, for the present, pray take it without any thing like a thought for the future."

Hallerton was touched evidently by what I said, murmuring many earnest thanks as he squeezed my hand in reply. We were soon interrupted by the call-boy's well-known words, "You are called, Mr. Hallerton," upon which he walked hastily down to the entrance, there to await his cue. As I turned slowly to follow him, one of the carpenters, shirt-sleeved and white-capped, emerged from a door in the set scene, close to which Dick and myself had held our short interview.

This trivial circumstance did not impress me at the moment, and I only set it down here as a slight thread thrown out to be taken up at the proper time, as bearing rather importantly upon the fabric of my story. When the performance was over for that night, the lights nearly all put out, the auditorium covered with the long dangling canvas, the stage cleared of its scenery, and only now occupied by the night fireman, who was lazily dragging the snake-like water-pipes across the boards, I idly lingered to take my friend's arm as far as his road and mine lay together.

He had been engaged in the last scene of the last piece, and almost every one had left the theatre by the time we emerged from the stage-door into the dark, drizzling night. A carpenter, putting on his coat and hat, with his back toward us, was the only person in the hall as we passed out. The weather was uncomfortable in the extreme—one of those soft, greasy nights when you made, as the saying goes, two steps backward for every one forward.

Indeed it was so bad that Hallerton would not allow me to walk to the corner of the road where we had parted the previous evening, saying, "It will be awfully muddy out of the town, and so dark that you will hardly find your way back."

I did not press my company on him, for the prospect was not inviting; it was very late, the people at my hotel seemed to be all in bed; so my proffered glass of grog was rejected by Hallerton, and we parted at the door-steps of the inn. Poor fellow! I little thought, as I saw him disappear into the darkness, that we should meet no more!

An earnest conversation in the coffee-room the following morning between a waiter and one of the guests of the hotel, a few words of which I caught, arrested my attention, and when the man began to serve my breakfast I said, "What was that I heard you talking about to that gentleman? What was it you said had been found in a brick-field?"

"Oh, haven't you heard, Sir? terrible thing! only just discovered! Body found this morning out in the brick-fields, near the road leading to them new houses—mean little place, you know. A good many gents from the theatre lodges out there. Beg your pardon, Sir, not gents o' your standing—I don't mean that. They tell me this was one of them; he that used to play the first young men—Hallerton, I think they called him—"

"Hallerton!" exclaimed I, springing from my seat. "What do you mean, man? what do you say? Mr. Hallerton found in the brick-fields?"

"Yes, Sir; murdered—dead."

"Great powers!" I went on, hardly able to understand his words. "Speak out, explain yourself. Why, he was my dearest friend! I only parted from him at this door late last night."

"Yes, Sir; that's what they say. He was alone as he crossed the brick-fields, leastways, not quite alone neither; he'd got one companion, at any rate, one too many for him, poor fellow," continued the waiter, and how much more to the same purpose I know not—he had said enough to take all thoughts of breakfast away from me.

I interrupted him, as may be imagined, by an earnest demand for his authority for the name of the unfortunate man, at the same time begging for all details, which were only too readily supplied, in such a circumstantial manner as left little doubt of their truth. Yes, poor Richard Hallerton had been found, as the waiter said, brutally murdered; his body and the ground near him bearing strong evidences of a struggle.

The chief cause of death appeared to have been a heavy blow dealt by some weighty instrument at the side of his head; but there were marks also of strangulation, his neck-cloth being twisted, as if it had been used as a noose. A bunch of keys and a few coppers were all that was found upon him, but his pockets had been evidently rifled, for they were nearly every one of them turned inside out. Robbery obviously had been the object of the assassin; but it was urged by those who knew Richard and his circumstances that the villain could have obtained but a poor reward for his desperate deed. I, of course, alone knew of the two ten and the two five pound notes that I had given my friend only a few hours before. The commotion, horror, and excitement which prevailed in the town can be easily imagined, as may also my feelings.

Every thing possible under the circumstances was done. The police were set on the alert, and by the evening they had gained something like a clew to the discovery of the murderer, but it consisted merely in the absence from his post of the master-carpenter of the theatre.

It turned out that this man had only recently been taken on to the establishment. He had the reputation of being a very clever stage machinist and contriver of trap effects, but he did not bear the best of characters; indeed it was well known that he had lost several good berths through his dangerous carelessness, having been the cause by it of many a sad accident in pantomime time. Moreover, he was a drunkard, given to gambling and betting, and frequently had "stood in," as the slang goes, in divers petty and discreditable card-playing transactions.

Within the last month the discovery of something of this kind obliged him suddenly to leave a large northern metropolis.

His known ability in his calling, however, was sufficient to gain for him an engagement at Swellboro', the liberal management there being ever ready, as the bills frequently stated, to procure the best available talent, "regardless of expense." It now appeared that this man had never been seen or heard of at his lodgings since he left the theatre on the night of Hallerton's murder, and the stage-door-keeper stated that he was the last person to leave the place. A description of him, and an offer of a large reward for his apprehension, was sent all over the kingdom. The efficiency of the detective service in those days had not reached its present pitch of excellence, and many months elapsed before the fellow was taken, which fact was not made known to me until a considerable time after.

As may be imagined, I had long ere that returned to the metropolis, and the affair, even in Swellboro', had passed off as a nine-days' wonder.

The man was arraigned, however, upon the charge of murder, but the evidence for the prosecution utterly broke down. Indeed, there was *none* save the suspicious circumstance of his mysterious disappearance at the time of the tragedy. This he accounted for easily by an assertion that he got drunk; and in one of his habitual fits of recklessness went straight off to some race-meeting in the midland counties, whither, he asserted, he walked. He utterly denied the charge; and the long time which had elapsed before he was apprehended rendered the authorities lukewarm in endeavoring to obtain any minor details that might have been used against him. Slight suspicion was all he had to contend with; and country justices did not even deem it a case for a jury; so the fellow was once more let loose upon the world.

Thus all hope of clearing up the mystery ended. I had told every thing I knew at the inquest; and when the circumstances under which I and my poor friend had parted are remembered, it will be evident that the murder could not have been laid to any one's charge without further proof, the obtaining of which seemed impossible. I threw a certain light upon the motive for the deed, but as I could not give the numbers of the notes, that went for nothing.

It is true, I then remembered the conversation which I heard between two men respecting the payment of a debt, one of whom was doubtless the fellow in question. This, however, I could not swear to, for I had never seen him. Strong, also, as was the likelihood of this same man being the rascal who had emerged from the scene-door just after I had given Hallerton the money, and who probably *saw* me do so, it proved nothing, for I could not identify that man with the one who had been pressed for payment in the conversation referred to. Again, had it been possible for me to do all this, it would have been no evidence.

So, as I have said, the sad event died out of men's minds, and passed away into one of those many undiscovered murders, only half, perhaps, of which number are ever heard of at all—ever heard of, at least, as murders.

Not so, however, was it to my mind—not to me was it the mere removal of a poor country player from this world's stage. The mimic drama had not lost much, but I had lost an affectionate and true-hearted friend; and it was not likely I should return from my trip to Swellboro' the same man I had been. Any thing like forgetfulness of his loss, and the sad manner of it, were out of the question.

Mingled with the sorrow that hung over me from this period of my life was a strong desire to bring the murderer to justice. There seemed to be no way by which I could accomplish this; yet, despite my misgivings, an inward conviction often intruded itself upon me that I should some day or other prove the instrument of retribution. The money I had given Hallerton was doubtless the cause indirectly of his death; and I never abandoned the hope that, as through an act of mine he had lost his life, so also by me would his death be avenged.

A sound, an odor in the air, a word, a relic of a dress, who has not felt the influence of any or one of such trifles, in recalling a whole train of thought and circumstance long since passed and gone? All is brought back vividly before us, and we feel as if we were again going through the time and condition; knowing, nevertheless, that it has happened before, yet feeling that it must rather have been in another world, or in our dreams, that we were chief movers in the scene.

I first realized this mysterious kind of feeling some nine months after the events just recorded had happened, and while I was fulfilling an engagement at a large northern town.

In making my arrangements with the manager, it was decided that I should go through a round of my principal parts, one of which was the identical *rôle* which poor Hallerton had been playing at Swellboro' at the time I recorded a criticism on his acting. I had not appeared in it since, but when the name of the piece was mentioned, the sensations hinted at above crept over me in all their subtle influence.

I would willingly have escaped from playing it altogether, and even made a feeble effort to get out of it; but the manager calculated on its being one of his trump cards, and refused to listen to any proposal for its withdrawal.

Moreover, it was settled that I was to open my engagement with it. The piece had been frequently done at the Ferrarspool Theatre, and as my presence in my original part was the only novelty, no full rehearsal was considered necessary—an hour or two's coaching of those concerned in my principal scenes being all that was requisite. Indeed, there was no time for more, as I was prevented by various arrangements from reaching Ferrarspool until within a few hours of the rising of the curtain.

I went straight to my dressing-room at the theatre, and long before there was any occasion for it I made my dresser prepare every thing for me. Somehow, I was unusually nervous; I had never played before this audience; and though conscious of being quite safe as to my success, I experienced a certain disquiet which was inexplicable.

The public are apt to imagine that a successful veteran of the stage can know nothing of such discomfort; but they are quite wrong. I think I am safe in saying that, among all our best actors, there is no commoner sensation than nervousness, especially on the occasion of "first appearances," or in new parts.

Still, my present state was hardly warranted by the surrounding circumstances. The piece in question was a modern comedy, the dress that of twenty years ago. Tight gaiter-fitting trowsers with straps, showing only the tip and heel of a varnished Wellington-boot, frock-coat with close-made sleeves buttoned at the wrist, where the shirt-cuff overlapped them; while a high black-satin stock, with a gorgeous display of it adorned by pins and chains to match, backed up an open-fronted white waistcoat, with a thin ridge of a crimson under one just peeping out between the satin and the jean. A small sharp-pointed upright shirt-collar, a clean-shaven chin and upper lip, with the mutton-chop whisker then in vogue, a rather long head of hair, parted very much on one side, and highly suggestive of the barber's block, formed an appropriate apex to this relic of the dark ages of morning costume.

Such was the dress which I noticed at the time Hallerton had so rigidly copied from mine, and which made our personal resemblance more absurd perhaps than it had ever been before.

Miles, my loquacious dresser, as he one by one produced these different articles of attire, was good enough to say, "I am glad to see these things in use again, Sir; it is a long time since you played Captain Theodore—more than a year, I think. Did not somebody tell me they were doing this piece at Swellboro' when Mr. Hallerton was murdered? I heard that this was the last part he played, poor gentleman!—not that he ever *could* play it, though he would *look* it well enough, because he would look exactly like you. I never saw him in it, I am happy to say, but I know just what he would do. I know to a *t* how he'd have spoken those lines beginning 'Lady Isabel, I swear to you, since we parted in the crush-room that night—'" And then Miles favored me, as was his wont, with a long quotation from my part.

Whether this habit of his had arisen from a latent idea, which he was known to possess, that if he had chosen he could have startled the town by his histrionic powers, or whether it was done as an act of kindness to brush up my memory, I never clearly knew; but certain it was that he never dressed me without quoting some important speech from my *rôle*, whatever it was.

This habit often tickled me, but on the present occasion I was scarcely in the mood to be amused by it; for as the familiar words struck on my ear, the whole fatal miserable time at Swellboro' came back forcibly, tangibly almost, to my mind.

I had done little more than glance at my cues, feeling pretty safe as to the words, and being glad to avoid their repetition as much as possible. So I stopped Miles rather abruptly; yet as I did so a certain fascination took possession of me, and I irresistibly thought what a close imitation I could give of Richard in this part if I chose. His voice, his stilted manner, his immobile face, all were at my command.

As I contemplated my make-up, and involuntarily assumed his expression, the likeness in the looking-glass was so startling that I was tempted, to Miles's infinite delight, to give a little imitation of my friend.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Miles; "perfectly wonderful; it is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw! Do, pray do a bit more of it, Sir; try his exit at the end of the fourth act." And I was compelled, it seemed to me by some inward motive power, to do as he requested. "Bless my heart, Sir," he went on, "why don't you give an entertainment like old Mathews did? You would make three times the money if you had it all to yourself. Of all the many imitations I ever saw, this is the finest."

Even the deep sense of regret I felt for my friend's fate was overruled by my inborn turn for mimicry, and except for the difficulty I have always had in curbing this power, such a proceeding would have appeared heartless in the extreme. But, indeed, I must say I was myself conscious that the imitation was marvelously close; and I continued now, perhaps out of gratification to a sort of vanity, walking up and down the room, repeating the part on and on, until my own voice sounded to myself like Hallerton's, and in my mind's eye I actually saw him, as I had done the night I went into the front at Swellboro'.

A knock at the door, and the words "Overture's on, Sir," restored me but partially to myself, and do what I would, I could not throw off an irresistible notion which seemed to be gaining upon me, that with a very little tempting I should play the part right through with an imitation of Hallerton.

"Confound it!" I thought, "this will never do;" but the absurdity possessed me, and I walked down stairs to the prompter's call exactly as Hallerton would have done.

Just as I was entering the green-room a carpenter, with a somewhat unsteady gait, was backing out from a recess or scene-dock with a heavy piece of scenery, and at the very moment I was turning into the doorway ran right up against me. I, in not very measured language, cursed him for a blockhead. He turned, with a half-sort of apology on his lips. As he did so the most curious sensation I had ever experienced ran through my brain.

In an instant, strongly impressed as I then was with the recollection of poor Hallerton, I remembered the man's face—the master-carpenter at Swellboro'!—clear, defined, unmistakable, not a doubt of it; yes, the fellow was before me, looking exactly as when he emerged from the scene-door directly after I gave the packet of notes to Richard.

Like a flash of electricity it all passed through my mind; with it, and as rapidly, came an unswerving conviction that I stood face to face with Hallerton's murderer!

More rapidly than it is possible to describe, and in the hundredth part of the time it takes me to tell it, I settled what to do; for not less impressed by me did this man seem than I by him. He grew deadly pale; his eyes, already swollen and bloodshot, now almost started out of his head, as, throwing his hands up into the air, he cried, "My God! a ghost!"

With a tight grasp I seized him by the throat, and brought him on his knees. "You ruffian!" I exclaimed, closely continuing my Hallerton imitation, "you thought you had done for me, did you? but you see I am alive, and strong enough to transport you for life. Be thankful that I did not die, and instantly confess your guilt. I am no ghost, as you shall find. And when you took the money from my pockets in the brick-fields by Swellboro' Common you might well have thought from the blow you dealt me that it was not likely I should trouble you again; but here I am, and you shall pay dearly for your cold-blooded atrocity!"

As I delivered these words in a pompous, theatrical tone, precisely similar to that which I had often heard my old friend use upon the stage when bringing an offender to justice, I pulled the fellow into the green-room, where great commotion was reigning.

"Look at this scoundrel, ladies and gentlemen," I went on. "You all remember how one night last year, at Swellboro', I, Richard Hallerton, was foully robbed and nearly murdered on my way home from the theatre; how for months I lay at death's-door, most people supposing I was dead; how, after much care and surgical skill, I recovered, to be here once more among you; and how I swore sooner or later to bring my assassin to justice. Fate this night has helped me, and this villain here shall soon have a pair of handcuffs on him, for it was he to whom I owe all my suffering. Hear him now, ladies and gentlemen, with my hand at his throat, confess that he is the culprit. Admit it, you thief!" said I, shaking the breath nearly out of his body; "as you hope for mercy hereafter, admit it!"

The poor, trembling wretch was from the first moment paralyzed by fear. Also, I could tell, he was slightly the worse for drink; and now, as I forced him to the all-important point, it was with difficulty he could articulate a syllable. Nevertheless he managed to stammer forth, loud enough for all in the room to hear, "Yes, it's true; it's all true; but I didn't go to murder ye; I never meant that; only ye fought so gallus hard, I thought I wouldn't get off clear; but I never meant to murder ye, so help me!"

He was a pitiable sight, and even now scarcely seemed to believe, though my grip was pretty hard on him, that I was not an apparition rather than flesh and blood.

A maudlin condition brought on by drink doubtless favored this opinion, and conduced not a little to the facility with which I extracted his confession. Excited and earnest of purpose as I then was, serious as the issue at stake had also become, I was not unmindful of the mingling with it all of a certain comicality. As I continued my imitative tone in a raised voice, many of the people then in the green-room who had known and acted with Hallerton, possibly in this same piece, seemed as equally skeptical with regard to my substantiality as the malefactor then in my power. At a glance I saw some of the ladies shrink back from me, while one or two of the men looked dazed and confounded.

Prolonging the illusion, therefore, yet a little, a policeman was sent for, and I then and there gave the carpenter in charge for robbery and attempt to murder. He was consequently taken off by the constable, with his conviction of a resurrection undisturbed.

I had but a short time then for a full explanation of this sensation drama of real life, in which I had been "playing in earnest" behind the scenes. The overture had been twice played, and the audience were beginning to manifest considerable impatience. Little conscious were they how much more exciting and serious a performance had just been enacted in the rear of that green curtain than they would witness upon its rising for their edification.

The result can be pretty well anticipated. I obtained a private interview with the magistrate the following morning, explained all that had taken place, then entered the court in my proper person, together with many brother comedians, to charge the prisoner, upon his own confession, with the murder of Richard Hallerton.

Meanwhile, despite the caution given him at the police-station, the fellow had written a full account of his crime. A remand gave the Swellboro' police an opportunity of identifying the prisoner as the man they had previously had in custody.

A jury, of course, eventually pronounced him guilty; but recommended him to mercy on the plea of his confession, the way in which it had been brought about, and his solemn assertion that he never intended to commit murder.

Sentence of death was consequently commuted to transportation for life; and thus was my conviction fulfilled that upon me would devolve the onus of clearing up this mystery. It was but a poor satisfaction after all; yet it was the only glimpse I ever had of the "silver lining" to the cloud that has hovered over me ever since the time in which my luckless friend met with his sad fate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO ROMEOS.—If a woman doesn't love you, make her hate you. Hate is an unnatural extreme to her, and the rebound to affection is easy and eventually certain.

"Can you do all sorts of casting here?" said a solemn-looking chap at the iron-works the other day.

"Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order, "all sorts."

"Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow."

He was immediately cast out.

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

On Cupid's bank Love drew a draft
In favor of myself,
And payable in kisses quaffed
From some fair maiden elf.

I clutched the check with eager grip
Before the ink had dried,
And let not many moments slip
Ere to the bank I hied.

With trembling heart, yet firm resolve,
I felt a sheepish fellow,
When I demanded payment of
Mary, the paying teller.

She gazed upon the scrip askance,
In coquetry well trained,
Conceiving, at a single glance,
The import it contained.

Then backward threw her curly head,
As if she had intended
To pay me off, but simply said,
"This bank has just suspended!"

An Irishman decapitated a turtle and afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed: "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?" "So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.—When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plow the ocean?—In the days of Ce-crops.

THE TEMPORAL POWER—The Brain.

THE "POOR IN SPIRIT"—Bankrupt Publicans.

A lady visiting New York city found a ragged, cold, and hungry child gazing wistfully at some cakes in a shop window. She took the little forlorn one by the hand, led her into the shop, bought her cake, and then took her elsewhere, supplying more needed wants. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent woman full in the face, and with artless simplicity inquired, "Are you God's wife?"

A man who has tried it says that all the short cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

"Good-morning, Uncle Jim."

"Good-morning."

"Well, you got your daughter married off, have you?"

"Yes."

"Really, Providence smiles upon you."

"Smiles! no, bless you, she snickered right out!"

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember
Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough for to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain for to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Cool contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
Poets and painters are made.

Generous enough, and kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

Gross people are to be severely avoided, but we see no reason why one who is a grocer may not be cultivated in a friendly way.

BOARDING-HOUSES *versus* MATRIMONY.

Axiom: Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding-house a man has considerable conceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

The landlady agrees to fodder him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

He can't complain of the coffee, or growl if the potatoes are underdone.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

There is the parlor, to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

If he doesn't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding-houses.

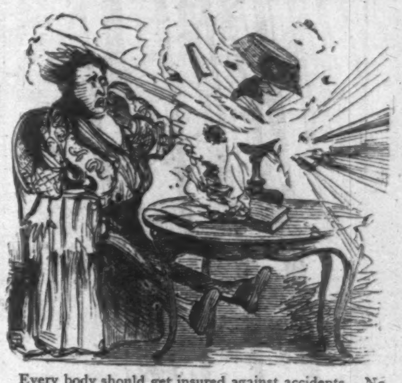
"Nigger, who am de fuss man dat interduced salt perwishuns into the navy?" "Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual." "It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board his ark."

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

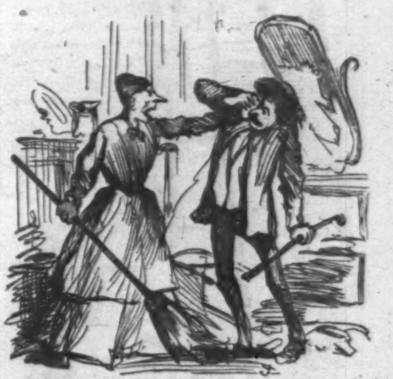
This is pretty sound advice: "If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the *rest* of congregation."

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

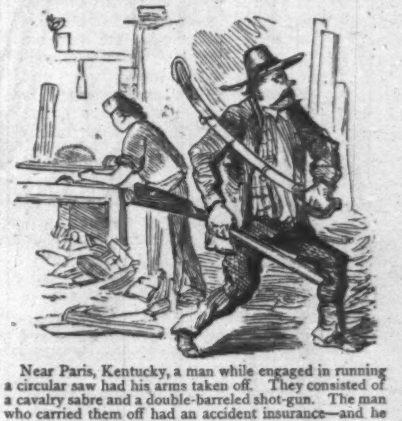
Showing Inducements for "People to take out Policies."



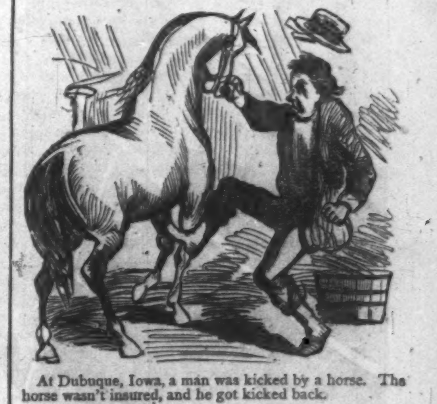
Every body should get insured against accidents. No matter if you belong to one of the "best of families"—accidents will happen in them.



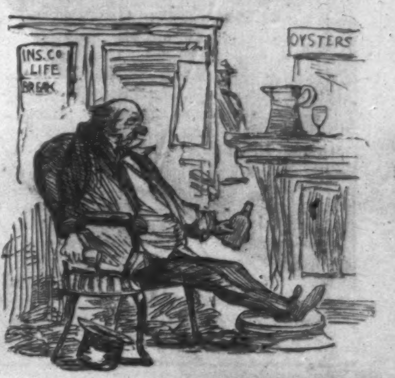
The other day a man in Chicago fell out of a fourth-story window. He had no insurance, and consequently was killed. Another man on the same day fell out with his wife. He was insured in the "Breakneck," and is ready to fall out again.



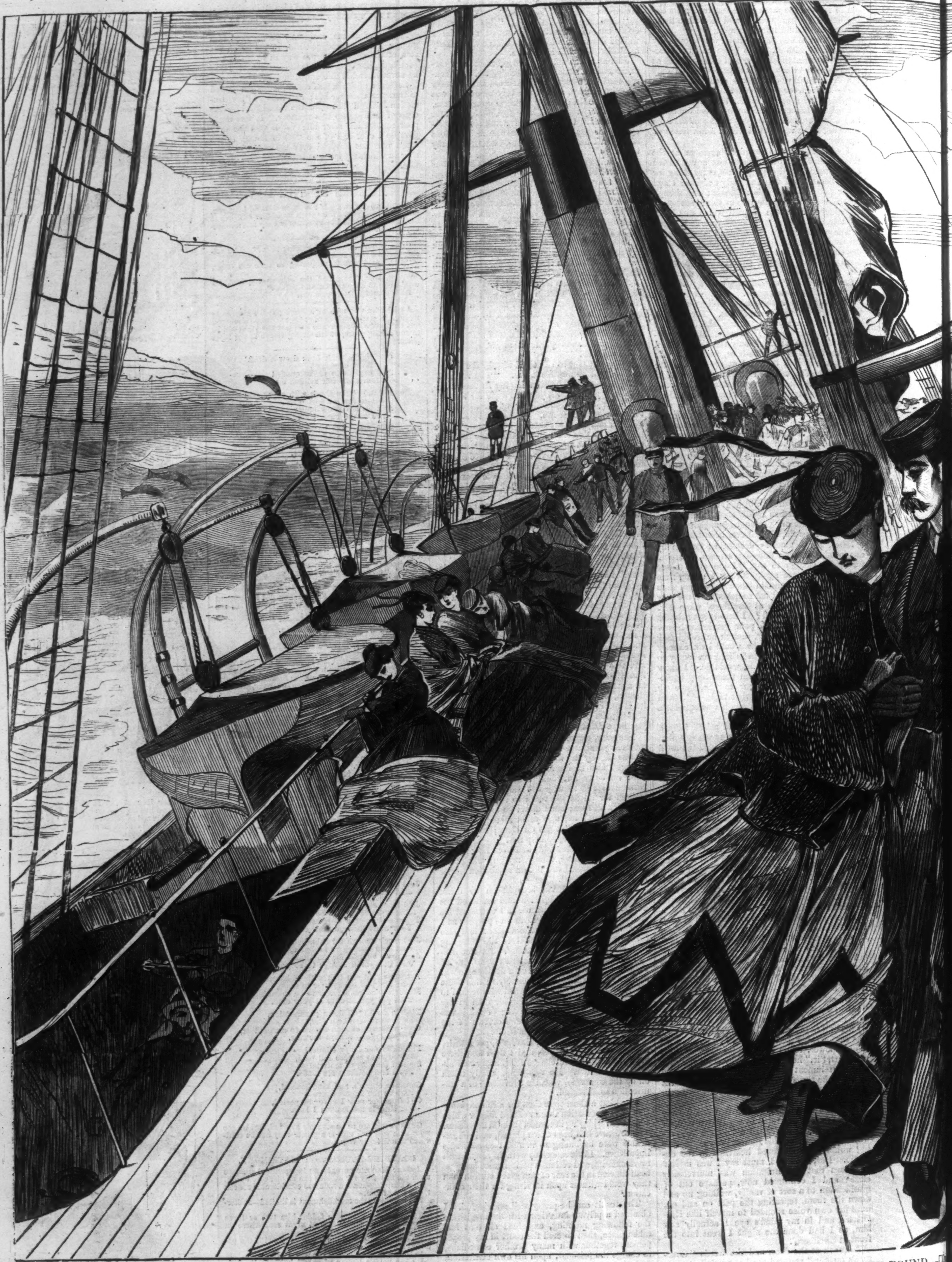
Near Paris, Kentucky, a man while engaged in running a circular saw had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double-barreled shot-gun. The man who carried them off had an accident insurance—and he hasn't been caught yet.



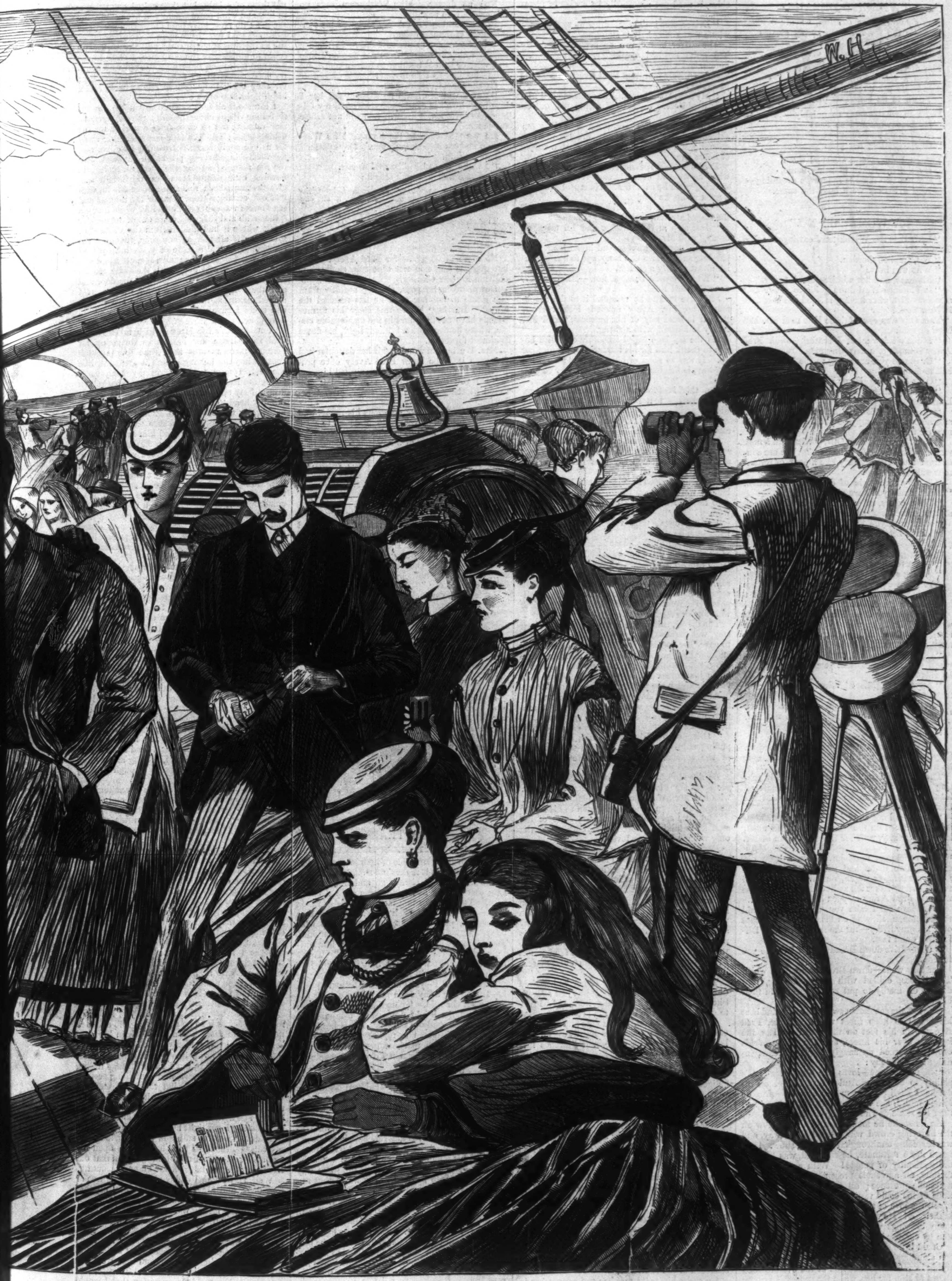
At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked by a horse. The horse wasn't insured, and he got kicked back.



A fellow took a drink of whisky at a saloon in Cincinnati. Suddenly recollecting that he had no insurance, he immediately took an emetic, and then he took out a policy in the "Breakneck." He now takes his drinks with impunity—if impunity treats.



HOMEWARD-BOUND.—[



by Winslow Homer.]

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

THE shadows were dancing, waving—
While the fire-light's flickering gleams
Lit up those two still faces,
Dreaming their twilight dreams.

The dreams of an aged woman
And a young girl, side by side;
Age in its calm resignation;
Youth in its confident pride.

Forth to what comes so quickly—
Back to what fled so fast:
One divining her future—
One regretting her past.

Yet, as I gazed and watched them,
By the fire-light's glancing flame,
I saw the two dreams they were dreaming—
And lo! they were both the same.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

"ISN'T that the Warburtons' carriage?" asked Tom Otis.

"Yes," replied Gordon.

"Who was in it?"

"Florence, and her admirer, Fred Avery."

"Is Florence Warburton going to marry that atrocious flirt, after having refused the best men in New York?"

Tom Otis was one of those best men who had been refused.

"I don't know; but I scarcely think Fred Avery is much of a marrying man."

"Of course you are going to the Warburtons' ball to-morrow?"

"Oh, of course. Every body will be there."

"Good-by, then. I stop here—my tailor, you know."

"Oh yes. You'll be in there for the rest of the afternoon. But I suppose you'll come out quite new for the ball?"

"Ugh!" groaned Tom Otis, "what can a man wear at a ball that's fit to be seen? We are condemned to a solemn livery like a pack of restaurant waiters."

"A very nice style of dress," said Gordon. "What would you have?"

"Why, colors, of course. Rich velvet coats, and satin breeches, and—"

"Bless me! you'd look like an actor."

"That's better than looking like a man-servant."

"Well, good by to you, then, once more."

"Opera to-night?"

"I think so. But club afterward, sure."

As these two gentlemen separated, the carriage which they had noticed stopped at the door of a handsome house in Thirtieth Street."

"Don't let my dress brush against that dirty wheel," said a light, merry voice from inside the carriage as Fred Avery sprang upon the pavement and extended his hand.

"Oh dear, no. I'd rather be broken on a wheel a dozen times than permit your dress to be soiled against one."

"Any orders, Miss?" asked the coachman, touching his hat.

"Why, let me see," said Miss Warburton. "You will come in with me, will you not, Mr. Avery?"

"Too happy."

"Then the carriage may as well wait for you. Stay here, Jones, and take Mr. Avery wherever he wishes when he leaves here."

The man said nothing, but deliberately getting down off his seat, unfolded a couple of blankets, with which he carefully covered the heated horses.

"In fur a long stay, *he* is," was the coachman's comment on the length of time he must, in all probability, wait for the conclusion of Mr. Avery's visit.

The coachman must have been a keen observer. Two hours had passed by the coachman's great silver watch, on whose large round face the snow-flakes fell as he pulled it out at the moment Fred Avery stepped on the door-step.

"Where shall I take you, Sir, please?" said the coachman, slipping on his India rubber coat over his gray livery—for the snow was now falling thick and fast.

"Um—drive down Broadway till I call to you to stop."

Off they went—down Broadway with a whirl. The horses, chilled with long standing, now dashed on madly to put some warmth in their blood.

Outside, the coachman swung his arms and beat his hands to keep them warm. Inside, Fred Avery, with his feet on the warm fur rug, the lap-robe over his knees, and the collar of his over-coat turned up snugly about his ears, indulged in soliloquy:

"She loves me—loves me dearly! That's plainly to be seen. And I love her—I do indeed. I shall propose to her at once—propose to her, and, if she will have me, marry her; and then I'll settle down and stop flirting."

As he spoke he looked out of the window on the hurrying crowd which filled Broadway, and was hastening on through the driving snow. How much more fortunate, he reflected, was he than the generality of people! With a comfortable fortune, an agreeable presence—oh yes, a *very* agreeable presence; all these successful flirtations of his could testify to that—and now, best of all, the love of the sweetest, most elegant girl in their set! He would show his gratitude for the many blessings which had been showered upon him by ceasing his frivolous life of flirtation.

Could it be possible that that was Edith Rowson standing there on the corner of Broadway, trying in vain to induce one of the overcrowded stages to stop for her, while the snow fell heavily on her pretty head?

She had not even an umbrella!

Ah! now, this is an exceptional case; and, besides, it need not necessarily be a case of flirtation.

"Driver, stop! There—draw up to that curb where that young lady is standing."

The driver had drawn up before Mr. Avery had quite finished speaking; and before the horses had altogether made up their minds to remain entirely quiescent Fred Avery was on the pavement.

"My dear Miss Rowson," he exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of seeing you out on such a day?"

"On such a day!" returned Miss Rowson, shivering with the cold; "why, the day was fine enough when I came out, not more than a couple of hours ago."

Fred suddenly remembers it was fine enough when he went in with Florence Warburton, and snowing when he came out. He must have staid a good while, he thinks.

"The worst of it is," said Miss Rowson, "all the stages are full, and I can't get home."

"Just step in the carriage and I'll take you home," said Mr. Avery.

She did not require a second invitation. In a blinding snow-storm one is not apt to be squeamish about getting a shelter.

"What is your number now—Madison Avenue?" asked Fred.

She gave it, and he repeated it to the coachman, who, Mr. Avery fancied, looked cross. "As if it were any of his business," said Mr. Avery to himself, with a shrug.

As the carriage rolled smoothly on Edith began to thank him for his kindness in picking her up. It was *so* good of him, she said; and, by-the-way, is this his carriage? How very elegant it is!

No, this is Florence Warburton's carriage, which she has lent him to take him where he wishes.

"Ah!" and Edith Rowson bit her lip and became suddenly pettish.

Little by little it came out. How all the girls say Florence is crazy for love of Fred Avery; and all the gentlemen say that Fred Avery is awfully "spoony" on Florence.

"Spoony, indeed!" ejaculated Fred. "A hateful word! Now, Edith, can you believe a *man* like me capable of being 'spoony' on any woman?"

His arguments were very convincing. How handsome he was!

Oh dear, here's the house in Madison Avenue. How short the drive has been! Will Mr. Avery come in with her?

Yes, Mr. Avery will. Mr. Avery has much to say to her. He must beg her to deny all those reports calculated to throw a slur on his manliness. He went in with her, and bade the driver wait for him again.

The driver, thinking this would only be a short stay, was careless enough not to trouble himself to cover the horses. But when three quarters of an hour had passed, and evening came, and the snow kept falling faster and faster, the driver made his horses and himself as comfortable as possible under the uncomfortable circumstances.

At length Fred Avery came out. He had had two or three glasses of wine, and being of a temperament easily affected by the spirituous, the intellectual was not so clear as it might have been.

"Drive to the Club!" he said, huskily, and puffing a breath laden with wine-odor straight in the coachman's face. "Drive there, and hurry—then you can go!"

At the club he was again "chaffed" for his *penchant* for Florence. He denied it stoutly, with another bottle open before him, and half of its contents flown from his stomach to his head.

And yet, spite of his tipsiness, spite of the stuff he is talking, Florence Warburton was the only woman Fred ever loved.

Back at the house the coachman was desirous of knowing whether Miss Florence had any further orders; and, while seeking that knowledge, he also took occasion to impart some which was not altogether pleasant knowledge for Florence.

She learned of Mr. Avery's having found a lady in the street whom he took home, and with whom he staid a long, long time. The number and the street of this house being given her, she recognized the residence of Edith Rowson, who was known to be as desperate a flirt feminine as Fred Avery's reputation made him a flirt masculine.

The next day was the day of her ball. Fred did not come to see her. But it was just as well. She was so busy; and, besides, he would be sure to come early to the ball in the evening.

He came very late. Tom Otis and his friend Gordon had been there dancing away for two hours. At length he came, and Florence met him in the hall-way.

"You are late," she said, coldly.

"Yes; a fellow from the West whom I was obliged to dine, and couldn't get rid of afterward. Ah! Florence," he whispered in her ear, and meant it too, deeply, "how dearly I love you!"

Her frame quivered with delight, for she loved him with every fibre of her being.

Fred entered the ball-room, and the first person he saw was Edith Rowson. Witching little creature! How *piquante* she looked, in her clouds of tulle and her coral ornaments! He instantly remembered that she was engaged to him for the first dance.

The first dance, and the second, and the third! Are they engaged to each other for all the dances? Florence looked at them with amazement. With her head and her heart throbbing with acutest pain, she whispered to her mother that she was so ill she must go up stairs, but there need be no cessation of the festivities.

Up stairs her maid met her and caught her in her arms just as she was on the point of falling.

"Why, Miss," she said, "how pale you look! Sha'n't some one go for the doctor?"

No; no doctor. Miss Warburton says no doctor can help her.

In the morning Fred Avery reviewed his conduct with supremest disgust.

"Was I insane to act as I did? Is there a fatality which drives me from the woman I love to a woman who is nothing to me—whom I despise—loathe—as I do myself?"

He shuddered with disgust.

"But I will see her," he said; "tell her I love her—love her dearly—in spite of all my folly. She loves me, I know. She will not refuse to see me."

He went at once to the house. Miss Warburton was too ill to see any one. Days passed; she was still ill.

"I will write to her," he said at last.

He wrote this note, and sent it:

"OH MY DARLING,—Can you forgive my folly—wickedness? Will you marry me? Answer, if but one word."

The answer came very promptly. It was but one word:

"NO."

No more flirting now for Fred Avery. No; but there is Lethe in the wine-cup, as there is oblivion in opium-eating.

Down, down he goes, sinking steadily from one grade to another until he has reached the lowest. But long before this stage his former friends have cut him, and in the fashionable circle, where he was once a brilliant light, his name is almost forgotten.

Mrs. Warburton wondered if her daughter had forgotten it. She knew Fred Avery once proposed to Florence, and that she rejected him.

"Do you think Florence ever loved him?" asked Florence's aunt of her sister, Mrs. Warburton.

"Never. She never mentions his name, and she wrote 'No' to him when he proposed to her."

One day they were at breakfast, and they read in the morning paper of a handsome young man who, crossing Broadway in a state of intoxication, was knocked down by a heavy truck and killed.

"What name?" asked Florence.

"Frederick Avery."

Florence said nothing further.

They ordered the carriage and went out.

She went through the routine of visiting and shopping and visiting galleries of paintings and a matinée at the Opera. But every where she sat off alone, and said nothing.

"Do *you* think she could have loved him?" asked the mother now, in turn, of the aunt.

"I can not say," she replied.

In less than a month Florence was stricken with a fever.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" came the mother's last agonizing question.

"No. There is no hope. Frame too emaciated by a previous, silent wasting away to resist this hot tyrant of a typhoid."

An anniversary came, and found Florence still alive. It was the anniversary of the ball which took place five years ago.

Just as the clock pointed to the hour when Fred Avery came that night, so late, and meeting Florence in the hall-way, whispered in her ear "How dearly I love you!" she turned to her mother and said:

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, good-by. Come, dry your tears. Kiss me good-by, dear mother. I am dying!"

That night she died, whispering:

"Bury me by his side."

SALT TEARS.

A FISHERMAN'S TALE.

I'VE seen that same face of hers scores of times since, and though it makes me shudder, and nips me to the heart, I always go and have a good long earnest look at it, and come away a better man. You may see that face yourself—as much like as if it had been taken from her sad, anxious looks—you may see it at the picture-shop windows, and it's of a woman tying a handkerchief round a man's arm, and she looks up at him pitifully, and it's called "The Huguenot." That's like the look, and the face that gazed up into mine after she'd told me what I know now was the truth; and I—yet I'm most ashamed to own it—I flung her away from me, and wouldn't believe what she said. There was a tear upon each cheek, and the bright drops were brimming in her eyes, and ready to fall; but I was hard and bitter, and whispered to myself that they were false tears, put on to cheat me, and I ran out of the house swearing that I'd enter it again no more.

It wasn't a large house, that house of ours, but if it had been a palace I don't think it could have been a happier home than it had been for years; and of course I know that that's a foolish way of talking, for happiness isn't a thing to be found in palaces, any more than in the smallest of cottages. It seems to me that real happiness grows, as it were, out of the true faith and trust that a man and his wife have in one another; while the strength of two working together the same way gives them a help forward in the world that nothing can resist.

Speaking as a fisherman, and one who was brought up with the sound of the sea always in his ears, I may say we rowed well together in the same boat, Mary and I. I had a long fight of it before I could persuade her that it would be best for her future that she should take me for pilot, and not Harry Penellyn; but I did persuade her at last, and we were married down at the little fishermen's church at the head of the cove.

Four years of as happy a life then fell to my lot as could fall to that of any man in this life, I believe. My ways were rough, and hers were not those of a lady, but they suited our stations in life, and what more would you have? Living the life I do now, busy here about this great city fish-market, I look back upon that bright bit of life as if it was some dream; and though I can't settle to go back to the old place, I cling to the fish, and look upon those days when a west country boat comes in, as days worth recollecting; for they bring the blood in one's cheek, and a bit of light into one's eye.

I can see it all now as plain as can be; the little fishing village under the cliff; the stout granite pier running out so as to form a harbor for the fishing-boats; and the blue sea stretching away far as eye could reach. Down by its edge, too, the weed-fringed rocks, piled high in places, with the sea foaming among the crevices, and again forming little rock-pools where the bright sea-growths flourished; and as the tide came in, with its fresh, cooling waters, you saw the limpets and sea-flowers wakening again to life, while many a spider-crab and shell-fish crept out of the nook or crack where it had hidden from the warm sun. I can see it all now at any time, though I am growing gray, and a score of years have passed since; but brighter than all seem to stand out those two mournful eyes, with the same tearful look they gave me as I flung out of the door and saw them for the last time; for when next I looked upon that face the eyes were fast closed, and could I have opened them the lustre would have gone.

A fisherman's life is one which takes him a deal from home, for sometimes we go off for perhaps three months at a time to the north coast, when the herring season is on; and, like the rest, I used to be off in my boat, sorry enough to leave home—happy enough to return after a busy season, till one year, when I took it into my head to think it strange that Harry Penellyn, my wife's old beau, should spin his illness out so long and stop ashore, time after time, when the boats went out, and him seeming to be well and strong as any of us. There had been a heavy gale on the coast some weeks before, and, as we always do at such times, we had run in for the harbor as soon as we saw it coming; but, through bad seamanship, Penellyn's boat came inside the rocks, when she should have come outside, and then, through their not having water enough, she grounded, lifted again, caught by the stern, and then swung round broadside to the waves, which swept her half-deck, while a regular chorus of shrieks rose from the women standing ashore.

It was a rough time, for even our boats that were in the harbor were groaning and grinding together, while every now and then the sea washed over so as to threaten to kill them, and sweeping the pier from end to end. In an ordinary way we made a custom of laughing at the crew of a boat who, from bungling, got her on the rocks; for born as we were in the bay, with our fathers fishers before us, we knew every stone along the coast, and could almost have steered our boat to them blindfold; but this was no time to jeer, for now the poor fellows were being swept one by one from their hold, and borne struggling through the surf to the rocks, where they were in danger of being dashed to pieces, for ours was no smooth, sandy beach. Some were swimming, some beating the water frantically; and clad as our men are, in their thick, cloth trowsers, heavy sea-boots, and stout shirts, they stand a poor chance of keeping afloat long, for the weight of their boots is enough to drag them down.

There was every one in a state of excitement; men running out as far as they could and throwing ropes—men shouting orders that nobody attended to—women tossing their arms up and crying, while first one and then another of the boat's crew was dragged ashore, and carried half-drowned up to the cottages.

I was standing looking on, with Mary by my side, for she was out on the cliff when my boat ran into the little harbor, while her hand was the first to clasp mine when I got ashore, thankful for the escape we had had, for the sea had risen wonderfully quick. I had taken no part in trying to save the boat's crew, for there were plenty of willing hands, and there being now but little standing-room down below the cliff, I had thought I should be in the way; but now it seemed to me that one poor fellow would be lost with the efforts they were making to save him, for he was too weak to cling to the ropes thrown out, and as fast as he was swept in by the waves they sucked him back again three or four times.

I had not seen who it was; but just then, as I made a start as if to go down, my wife clutched my arm, and there was a wild look in her face as she said aloud, "Harry Penellyn."

The excitement of the moment carried almost every thing before it, but I had a strange feeling shoot through my heart, and something seemed to say, "Keep back:" but the next minute I was fighting with the waves, with the noose of a rope round my body, and plenty of stout mates ashore fast hold of the end; while, after a strangling battle, I got tight hold of Penellyn, and we were drawn ashore, and both of us carried up to my cottage, though I tried hard to get upon my feet and walk; but I might have known that our fellows would not have let me on any account.

Well, Harry Penellyn lay at our place three or four days, and Mary tended him; and all that time I had to fight against a strange, ungenerous, cowardly feeling that would creep over me, and seemed at times to make me mad, till I got myself in a corner and asked myself questions, to all of which I could only answer the same word—nothing. Then Penellyn got better, and went to his mother's house; and time went on, till I grew bitter, and harsh, and morose, and was always haunted by a suspicion that I would not put into words, though now the question came again and again—"Why doesn't Harry Penellyn go to sea?"

But no answer came to my question; and though he seemed now to be well and strong as ever, he always kept at home while we went out; and in my then state of mind this troubled me, and I kept feeling glad that we were only out now on the short trips of a few days in length. I grew angry with myself and with all around. Ay, and I grow angry even now, when I think that a few earnest words of explanation—a few questions that I know would have been answered freely—would have set all right, and perhaps saved the life of as good and loving a woman as ever lived in the light.

But it was not to be so; and I went on willfully blinding my eyes to every thing—placing a wrong construction upon every look and word, and making those true eyes gaze at me again and again in wonder; while Harry Penellyn, who had never before shown me much good-will, now that I had saved his life, would have been friends, only I met his every advance with a black scowl, when he always turned off and avoided me.

One evening it had come to the lot of my boat to run into harbor with the fish of several other boats; for the takes had been very light, and somehow or another I felt more light and happy that night than I had done for weeks. I got ashore, left my mates tending the mackerel, and ran up to our cottage to find my wife out.

This did not trouble me at first; but after a few minutes' fidgeting about I felt a flush come in my face, and hurrying out, I made an excuse at Mrs. Penellyn's, and got to know that Harry was out too.

The hot blood rose from my cheeks to my forehead, and seemed to blind me, while a strange singing sensation came in my ears; but the next minute I was tearing along the cove in the dark of the evening, so as to get away where I might be alone with my thoughts, for that vile suspicion that was struggling with me before had now conquered and beaten me down, so that I was its slave, and for the time a regular madman.

I had run about half a mile, when I stopped panting, and began to walk slowly along beneath the trees close beside the fern-hung rocky bank, while it was now too dark to see far before me. But the next instant I was standing with my breath held, and one hand resting on my side, for as I crouched close to the bank I heard Penellyn's voice talking earnestly as he passed a few yards from me, with his arm tightly clasping a woman's waist, while just as they had passed they stopped, and there was light enough for me to see him bend over her, and their lips meet in a long, clinging kiss—a kiss which sent the mad blood bubbling through my veins, as, without stopping to think, I leaped from where I was hid, and, as the woman shrieked and fled, I had Penellyn by the throat, and we joined in a fierce struggle.

If an angel had told me I was deceived, I should not have believed him then in my blind fury; and it was not until, having dashed his head against the ground again and again, I felt my enemy's hold relax, that I leaped up, kicked him savagely, and then ran back.

Just as I expected, Mary was at home, looking hot and flushed; but she jumped up with a smile, and hurried to me, saying,

"I was down at Mrs. Trevere's, dear; but I heard your boat had come, and—"

She stopped short, half frightened by my wild looks and disordered clothes, and half by the savage curse I gnashed out at her as I seized her arms; while, as the truth flashed upon her, she was the next moment at my feet, appealing to me, uttering vow after vow, clasping her hands, and seeming half crazed with horror; while I, poor mad fool, glared on her, and thought her anguish was caused by guilt. Ah me! that I could have been such a fool—so blind, so mad—that I could turn from those true, appealing eyes, and rush from the place, meaning never to return, and feeling savagely glad as I saw her fall senseless upon the floor!

Would weeping blood for my folly have recalled all that, would giving up my life have crushed it out, I would have done it a hundred times; but it was done—it was one of the hard things of fate, and I rushed from the room and from the village, heedless that the girl who had been Harry Penellyn's companion had spread the alarm that he had been attacked, and that he had been brought in nearly dead. I knew nothing, saw nothing, except my own mad misery, and at times was wild that I had not slain the wife who had lain in my bosom, till something rose up whispering me of the past.

I found my way to Bristol, and then to London, and after a time I learned from one from my own part that Harry Penellyn had recovered and was married, and that my wife was ill.

I fought with myself one week—two weeks—a month—and then I went, getting taken round the coast in a fishing-boat. I landed and went up the old slip, on to the cliff in the dusk of evening, just as I had walked up a year before, and I roused myself up to my task, saying I would go and forgive her, and then see her no more.

Forgive her! What had I to forgive? Had she forgiven me before her eyes closed in that long sleep, and her pure spirit fled? I asked myself that again and again when her mother had led me to the room I dared not enter alone, and, with the few words she had uttered, made the black veil of mad jealousy drop from before my eyes.

But it was too late—too late—and I could not see those eyes look their forgiveness, for they were sealed close, and I was alone.

Her mother left me there for a while, and then fetched me away; and I followed her like a child, listening to her long tale of her child's sorrow, and the upbraidings she heaped upon my head.

What could I do but groan and bear it—bear it as part of my punishment here for my folly? It was a mistake—the act of a fool—but I have suffered for it; while with me ever, seeming, too, at times, even to smile upon me—upon me, a broken man—a man of rough toil and a hard life—there are those two faithful, loving eyes, and the memory of their last look seems to grow brighter as I get nearer and nearer to the end of my bit of life.

There, Sir, that's my story—a sad enough one, too, you will say—and I'm obliged to try and laugh it off, or I should get no work done. We all have hearts, Sir, and more or less they're moved by the same feelings. Nothing's good without a moral, Sir—never be beyond listening to reason.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

SOFT falls through the gathering twilight
  The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
  The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows
  I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
  That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
  They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
  Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
  In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
  Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
  The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
  Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
  From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
  The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
  To take all its wanderers home,
Or afar in the regions of fancy
  Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
  The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
  Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
  Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
  There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
  The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
  And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
  The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
  In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
  Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
  My heart holds a feast with them all.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A sad truth it may be—a *melancholy* truth, and very humiliating, at times, to our higher faculties; yet no less a truth, that, with most people,

> "Their various cares in one great point combine,
> The business of their lives—that is, *to dine*."

And going a step further, we incline to agree fully with the poet when he said:

> "The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
> Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

Acting on this principle, and knowing that *heart* is often synonymous with *pocket*, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones never think of asking their husbands for pin-money, or present a household bill to them just before dinner. No, indeed! they are too wise to make such a fatal mistake. And if they have any great and special favor to solicit—if they have run up a fearful bill at Mr. Chargum's, quite against rules, they are pretty likely to feed their good lords well for several days before broaching the subject. There is no doubt that such a method is based on sound physiological principles—provided the prospective benefactor is not dyspeptic—then it is useless.

Without touching upon various points which would lead properly to following conclusion, we skip intermediate steps, and say *ergo*, the hearts and pockets of all good folks are supposed to be specially yielding and tender about this season of the year. Did you not have a luxurious Thanksgiving dinner, gentle reader? And has not the "gude wife" kept up a kind of subdued Thanksgiving ever since? And is not Christmas, with gifts and good things, just at hand? And then New-Year's, bringing blessings? Your Christmas dinner will surely digest better if you first learn "the luxury of doing good." The ways are myriad. "Homes" and "Missions" and charitable institutions of all kinds are calling for aid. Is there not some poor, struggling widow, some honest, disabled soldier whose heart would be made glad, and whose home would be brightened for weeks by a ton of coal or a barrel of flour? Have you thought how happy a warm hood and shawl would make that poor girl who comes to sell you matches? Would not the pale, thin cheek of your occasional seamstress flush with pleasure if you kindly gave an appropriate gift? The little lame boy who sells apples and peanuts just around the corner, do you know whether he has a home, or a mother, or any thing to keep Christmas with? Look about you. Choose your own way. But let somebody be made happy before the 25th of December, who would, perhaps, have been forgotten except for *you*.

Boston has enjoyed the luxury with earnest enthusiasm and whole-hearted delight; and before this paragraph is read New York will have listened with rapt attention and eager excitement to the readings of Charles Dickens. It is said that Mr. Dickens spends much time in careful study of the parts he is to read; that this study extends not merely to the analysis of the text, to the discrimination of character, to the minutest points of elocution; but decides upon the facial expression, the tone of the voice, the gesture, and the attitude. And though eminently fond of society, he deliberately excludes himself from it until his work is done and his time his own. Every new thing this winter will doubtless receive its name from Mr. Dickens's characters. Some one writing from Boston last week remarked: "Nothing is smoked, chewed, or taken in snuff to-day but 'Little Nell Cigars,' 'Mr. Squeers's Fine Cut,' the 'Mantilini Plug,' and the 'Genuine Pickwick Snuff.'" And we may expect the ladies will soon appear in the "Lady Dedlock Hat," the "Bardell Skirt," the "Dame Durden Paletot," and "Trotwood Boots."

The distinguished poet Fitz-Greene Halleck was of the sixth generation from Rev. John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," his mother being Mary Eliot, the great-great-grand-daughter of the "Apostle."

A lady having a comfortable home in Cairo, Illinois, has recently most mysteriously disappeared. Her mind has been for years past somewhat unsettled on religious subjects, and she once joined the Morrisites and fled to Idaho. It is thought she may have been induced to join them again. The Morrisites are a strange sect, founded by Joseph Morris, an Englishman, in the town of Weber, near Salt Lake City, in the year 1860. The creed is sometimes called Morrisism, and is substantially as follows: That the spirits of the old prophets, commencing with Seth and running through the regular lineage of the Melchizedek priesthood to Jesus Christ, in all one hundred and forty-four thousand, are now reappearing upon the earth in the flesh; that he (Morris) was Seth, the first of the priesthood, and Joseph Smith was the second, having preceded him as a forerunner, to establish Mormonism. The work of Morris was called by himself "The Fullness of the Gospel," Mormonism being only the Gospel in part. His object was to establish a universal temporal kingdom on the earth, in accordance with the prophecy of Daniel; and his belief was that in the last days the Morrisites would inherit the earth alone. Morris collected about him seven hundred men and women. But Brigham Young became alarmed, and, in 1862, sent a thousand soldiers to attack their camp. Morris surrendered, and was afterward shot; and the Morrisites dispersed into various Western States and Territories, and have made but little commotion since.

A clergyman in Springfield, Massachusetts, who is given to figurative expressions, said in a sermon a Sunday or two ago that "the columbiad of a pure heart should be loaded with the projectile of prayer." Living near the Armory seems to be very inspiring. And the clergyman who used the following metaphor at a funeral in Paris must have had a train of cars in full view from his study window:

> "At the death of the just the locomotive of his soul, driven by the coal of faith and the steam of hope, dashes along the rails of charity toward that immovable dépôt where is found the eternal symbol which is God."

Report says that every third young woman in Kentucky elopes; that an ordinary wedding, without any romance about it, is considered quite unworthy of a girl of spirit. They get up romances more easily than that nowadays in New York, and among old folks too. Some thirty years ago a couple were married in Cattaraugus County, and moved to New York City. They did not agree very well, and soon after the young wife returned to her native town, and married an old man there, whereupon the deserted husband took revenge and another wife in this city. The two couples lived pleasantly, and each brought up a family of children; but a few years since the hand of death took the second partners, and now the original dear one has returned to his old love in Cattaraugus, and persuaded her to try him again. No ceremony was necessary, the second marriages being invalid, and they are said to have been living in blissful harmony over a year.

Some practical joker in Cincinnati advertised in one of the city papers that a certain merchant—giving his name and place of business—was in want of a cat, and that for a good one ten dollars would be paid. The next morning the store was literally besieged by urchins with their arms full of cats—black cats, white cats, speckled cats, Thomas cats, ancient cats, and juvenile cats, and every urchin demanding his ten dollars. Later in the day a distressed-looking gentleman, covered with cats' hairs, presented himself at the office of the advertising paper, and with extreme indignation announced that he never owned a cat, never wanted a cat, and devoutly hoped never again to see a cat. The publishers sympathized, and declared it was a cat-astrophe.

A specimen medal of the proposed international coin of twenty-five francs, recently struck by the government of France, has been presented to the President, through the delegate of the United States to the International Monetary Conference. The new coin is about the size of the present half-eagle of the United States. It bears on its obverse the conjoint inscription, "Five Dollars," "Twenty-five Francs," and is a type of the proposed monetary union of the three nations. If adopted by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, this international coin, bearing the denominations and the emblems of the respective nations, will circulate side by side in perfect equality, and without impediment, throughout the world.

A man in Hartford recently saw an advertisement in a paper to the effect that if he sent one dollar to a given address he would receive, by return mail, instructions how to make a fortune. He wanted a fortune, and sent the dollar. The directions returned were as follows: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and if that fails, advertise as I do that you will instruct others how to make a fortune—and pocket the proceeds."

Most advertisements of a similar kind are based on similar valuable "instructions."

The venerable Dr. Humphrey once remarked in a lecture: "In selecting your partners for life, first choose persons of naturally good dispositions—persons that are naturally cheerful and gentle. You will, perhaps, be surprised," he added, "to hear a minister of the Gospel put cheerfulness and gentleness before piety; but I am of the opinion of Baxter, who said that the grace of God could live with persons that he could not."

Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of the same subject, says: "A man that marries a good wife has very little more to ask of the Lord until he dies; because, when the Lord makes up his mind to give a man a good wife, he makes up his mind to do every thing else that he wants. A good wife is a blessing of the Lord, and there are few blessings that he gives, now or hereafter, that are comparable with it."

Children are quick-witted, and notice many incongruous things, both in regard to their own training, and in the affairs of other people. The mistaken woman who used to tie her mischievous boy to a bed-post on Sunday—while she went to church—and made him learn the hymn, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love," will find the hymn and the bed-post and Sunday very much mixed up in his mind, and he will hate them all alike for many years, if not always. Many a worthy but long-winded minister might find food for reflection in the remark of a young urchin who asked his father, "Does the Lord know every thing?" "Yes, my son," was the reply; "but why do you ask?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling the Lord every thing I thought he wasn't posted."

A new method of cooking turkeys has been invented. It will be a rarity for Christmas, but can only be indulged in by the wealthy. The fowl must be garnished with banana leaves, and boiled in a volcano. This novel method of preparing this delicious bird for the table was invented by a party of travelers in Hawaii, who lately stopped to lunch on the side of Mauna Loa, and after investigating the crater, boiled their turkey by the volcano. They wrapped the noble bird in banana leaves, and thrust it into a crack in the mountain, and it was cooked by steam.

At Pillau, in Prussia, lives a woman who has for some years consecrated her life to the dangerous task of rescuing persons from shipwreck and drowning. This Prussian Grace Darling, who has saved more than three hundred persons, is held in the highest veneration among all classes with whom she lives.

TERRIFIC CONTEST OF WILD BEASTS.

AN eye-witness of the startling incident which we illustrate on page 813 furnishes the following particulars: The animals belonged to the Southern branch of the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Co., and was brought about in consequence of the beasts being liberated from captivity by a railway accident. It appears the entire menagerie was *en route* from Montgomery to Mobile, and a broken rail precipitated seven cars down an embankment 40 feet from summit to base. Most of the cages were more or less damaged by the accident, and those containing the Himalaya bear, the Bengal and Brazilian tigers, the Thibet bear, and a hyena, were so much shattered as to liberate the occupants, and permit them to escape to the adjoining forest, whence they were speedily attracted by the carcass of a deer that had been in one of the cages, and was killed by the casualty. Now occurred one of the most remarkable contests of brutes that has ever taken place on this continent. During four hours the tigers and the bears and the hyena contended for the mastery. Nor did the terrified attachés of the menagerie dare to interfere. The noise of the contest is described as being appalling in the extreme, and did not cease until the participants had satisfied the cravings of their appetite. After which the Himalaya bear and one of the tigers played together as cat and kitten. At this juncture Captain HALL, the "Lion King," and former companion of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, together with one or two courageous assistants, made an essay to recapture the animals. The cages containing the ruminating animals were discharged of their occupants and brought to a close proximity to the fugitives. The bears and the hyena were then lassoed and dragged into the dens. Captain HALL then courageously approached the tigers, caressed and patted them, and finally led them without resistance to their dens. The driver of the band-wagon was instantly killed by the accident, and the company sustained a loss of two lions, a panther, and a leopard.

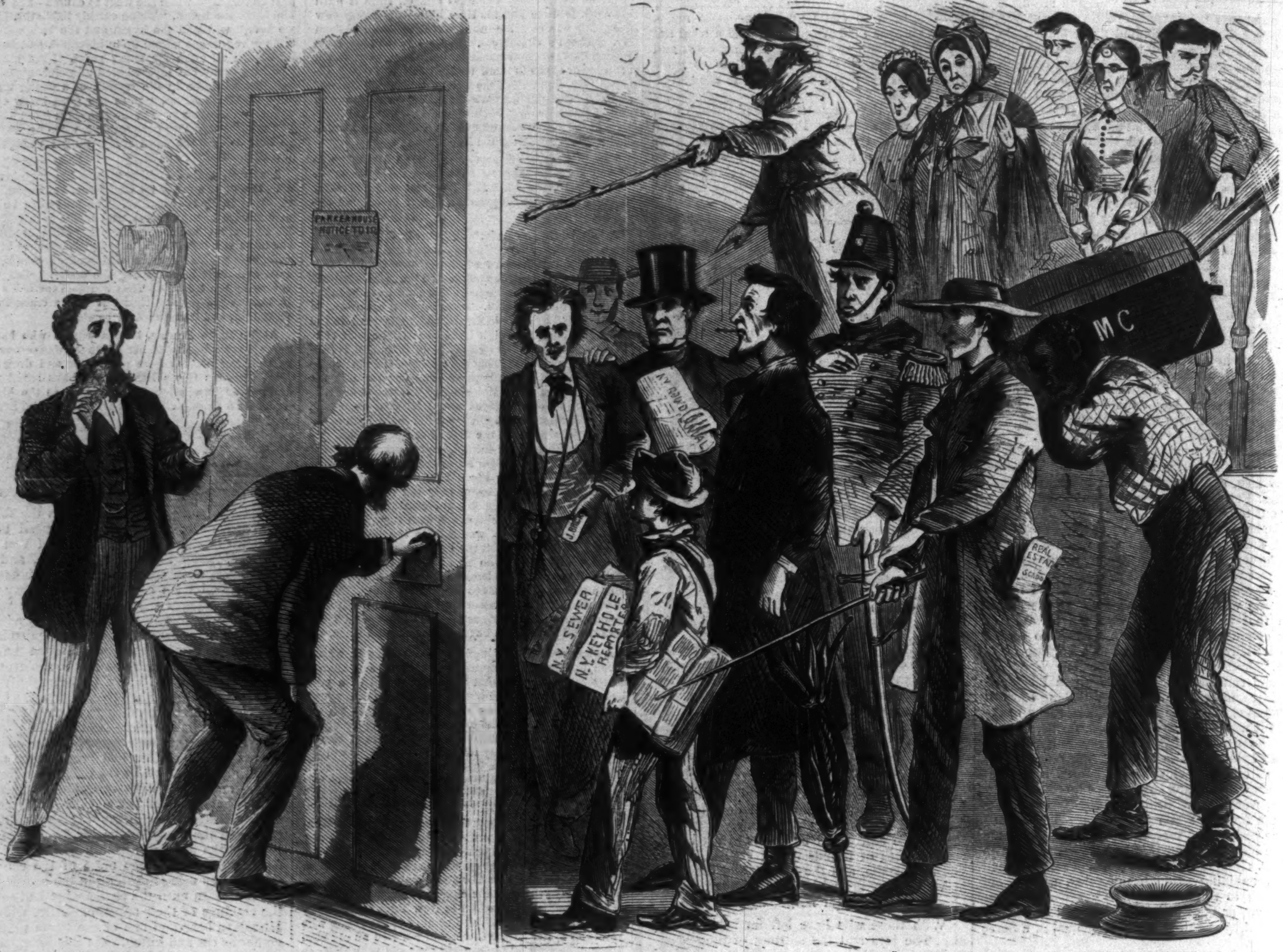
AMERICAN POULTRY EXHIBITION.

THE bird-fanciers of New York have been of late indulging in a display to the public of some of the results of their breeding of poultry; and a very interesting display they made of it. The exhibition of the "American Poultry Society," as the fraternity calls itself, took place at the Masonic Hall, in East Thirteenth Street, New York City, on December 3, 4, 5, and 6; and a vast number of exhibitors were present with their birds. The sounds with which the visitor's ears were saluted on entering the exhibition-room were suggestive of those with which the passengers in the ark are believed to have become familiar. The scene, as presented to the eye, was more agreeable. Magnificent fowl, bellicose gobblers, and comfortable-looking ducks, in almost endless variety of plumage and breed, were to be seen. The common barn-yard fowl was represented in greatest number by the Brahma, Spanish black, game, and bantams. A pair of Brahmas exhibited were valued at $100. Mr. BOOLE, President of the Society, contributed a pair of imported white doeskins, which were valued at $200. Some French varieties, such as Crivecœurs, Hondons, etc., were also to be seen.

Our illustration on page 813 shows a group of the prize birds; among them are the Common Turkey; Japanese Brahmas, Light Brahmas, Buff Cochin, Spanish, and White Leghorn Chickens; Blue Pied Pouters and Red Carrier Pigeons; the common American and the Muscovy Ducks, and the common American Goose.

HUNTING FOR STILLS.

THE suppression of the illicit distillation of whisky appears at this time to absorb the whole attention of the Internal Revenue Department, and in addition to the army of inspectors and detectives who keep an eye on the distillers who are defrauding the Government, the Department has lately employed the Army in the search for illicit distilleries. Our engraving on page 812 shows the manner in which our cavalrymen engage in this labor—a "labor they delight in" from patriotic and other motives, and one which, when successful, doubtless "physics pain."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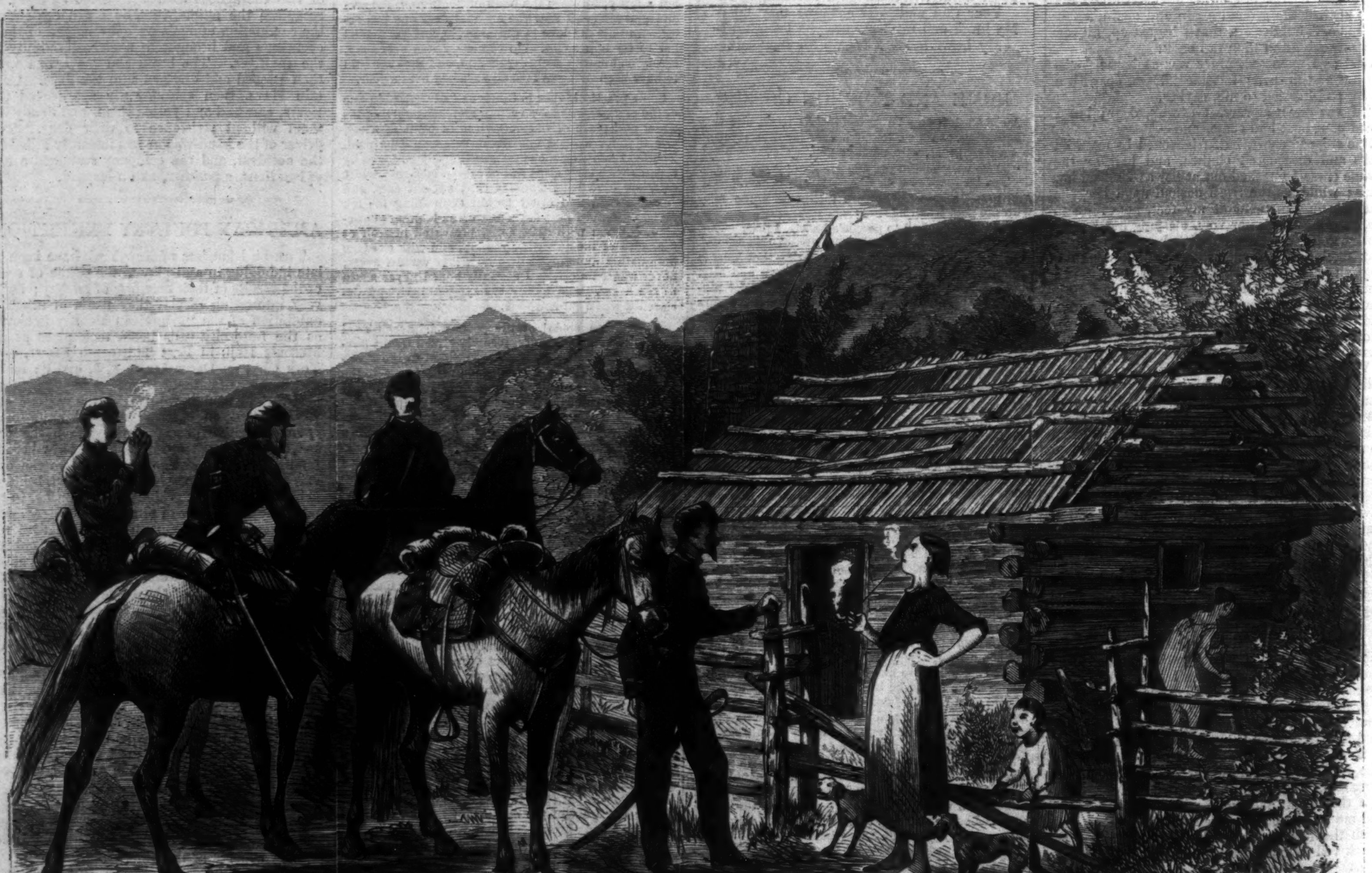
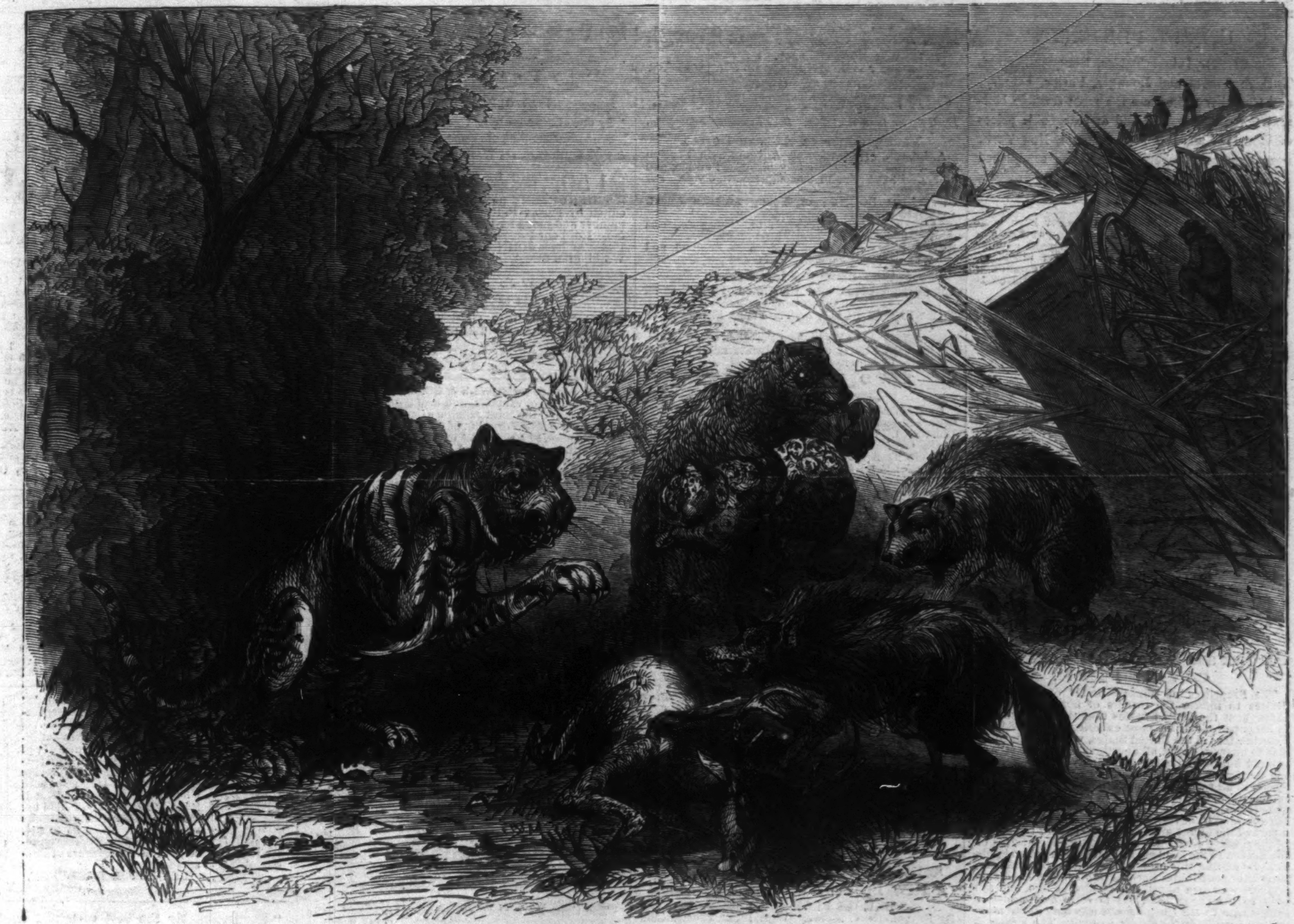
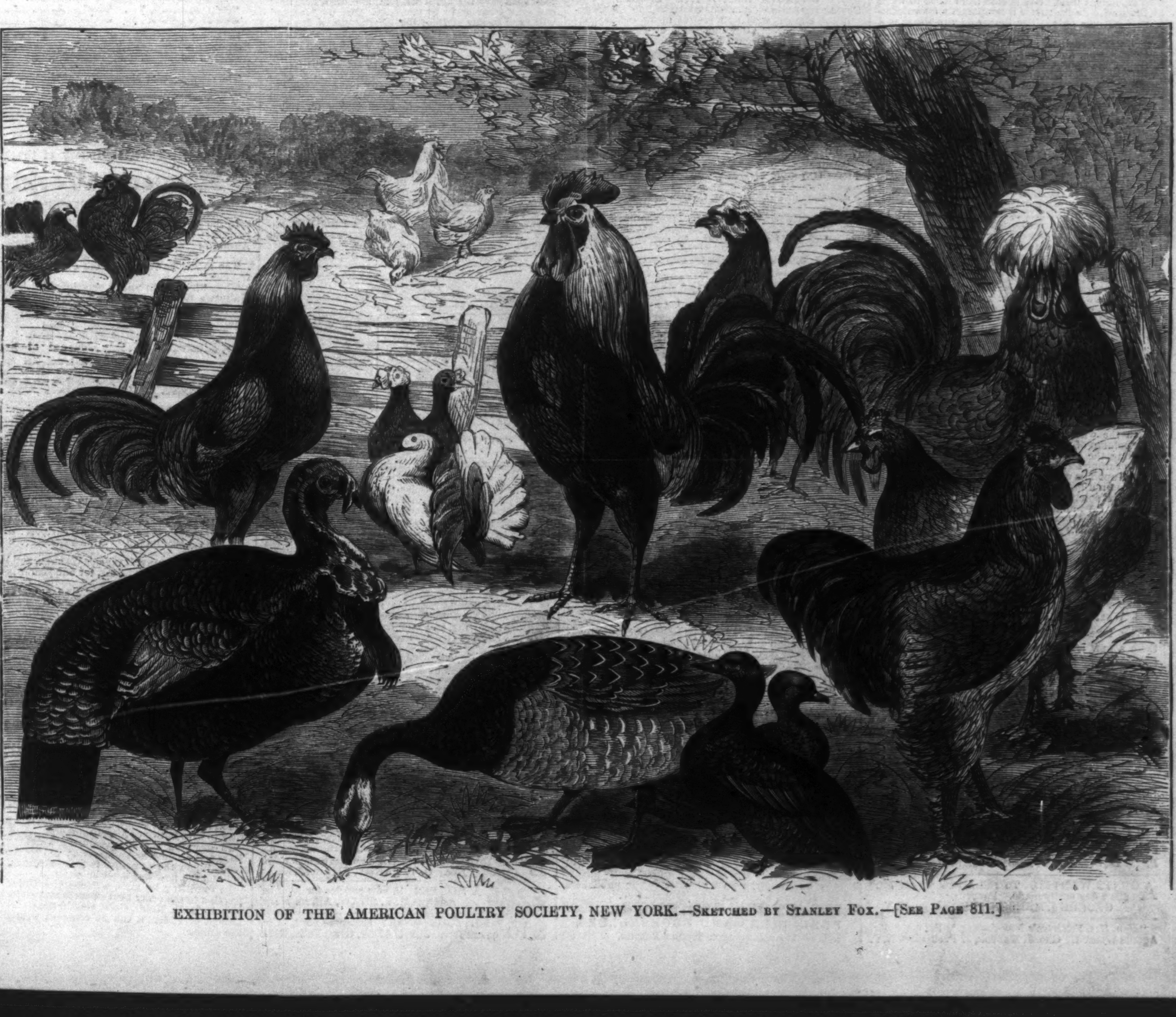
MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS FORMER AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCES—"NOT AT HOME."—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



UNITED STATES CAVALRY HUNTING FOR ILLICIT STILLS IN THE SOUTH.—SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.—[SEE PAGE 811.]



TERRIFIC CONTEST OF THE WILD BEASTS OF A MENAGERIE LIBERATED BY A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 811.]



EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN POULTRY SOCIETY, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 811.]

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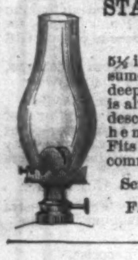

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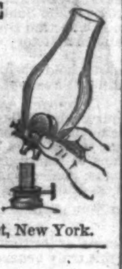

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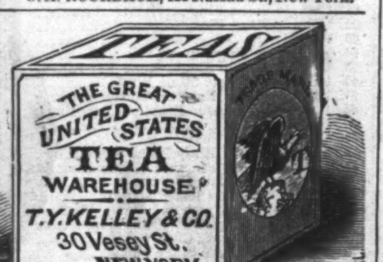

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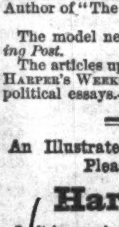

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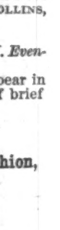

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The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

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"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT
TO ERECT THE
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM
FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,
UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Having perfect confidence in the integrity of your enterprise, and heartily indorsing your noble object, it affords me pleasure to tender you gratuitously the use of my show-window for the display of your diamonds.

JOHN N. GENIN, 513 Broadway.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* in the show-window of the large Fur and Hat Establishment of John N. Genin, No. 513 Broadway (under the St. Nicholas Hotel), N. Y. The world-renowned *Yacht Henrietta* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion a Committee of prominent citizens will be selected to associate with the Management in making the distribution, to commence on Monday, February 24th, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at Horticultural Hall.

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1. 1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27. 1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29. 1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46. 1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52. 1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56. 1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61. 1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62. 1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63. 1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78. 1 Emerald Knob	500
79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84. 1 Gold Watch	300
85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96. 1 Cameo Brooch	100
97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
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Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

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20 " "	17 50
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50 " "	43 50
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TWO FULL CARGOES
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℘ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
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COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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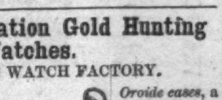

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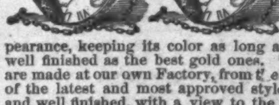

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A New and *Valuable* invention for Gentlemen. Can be carried in vest pocket, and, if carefully used, will last nearly a year. To the greater portion of Gentlemen this *article is indispensable.* Sent, with directions, on receipt of 50 cents, or two for 75 cents.

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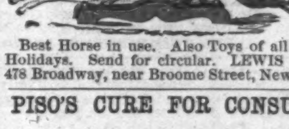

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